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A HYMNAL,

CHIEFLY FROM THE

"BOOK OF PRAISE."



o

A HYMNAL,

CHIEFLY FROM

"THE BOOK OF PRAISE"

BY

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER *Selborne*

SET TO MUSIC

SELECTED, HARMONIZED, AND COMPOSED

BY

JOHN HULLAH

London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1868.

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PREFACE.

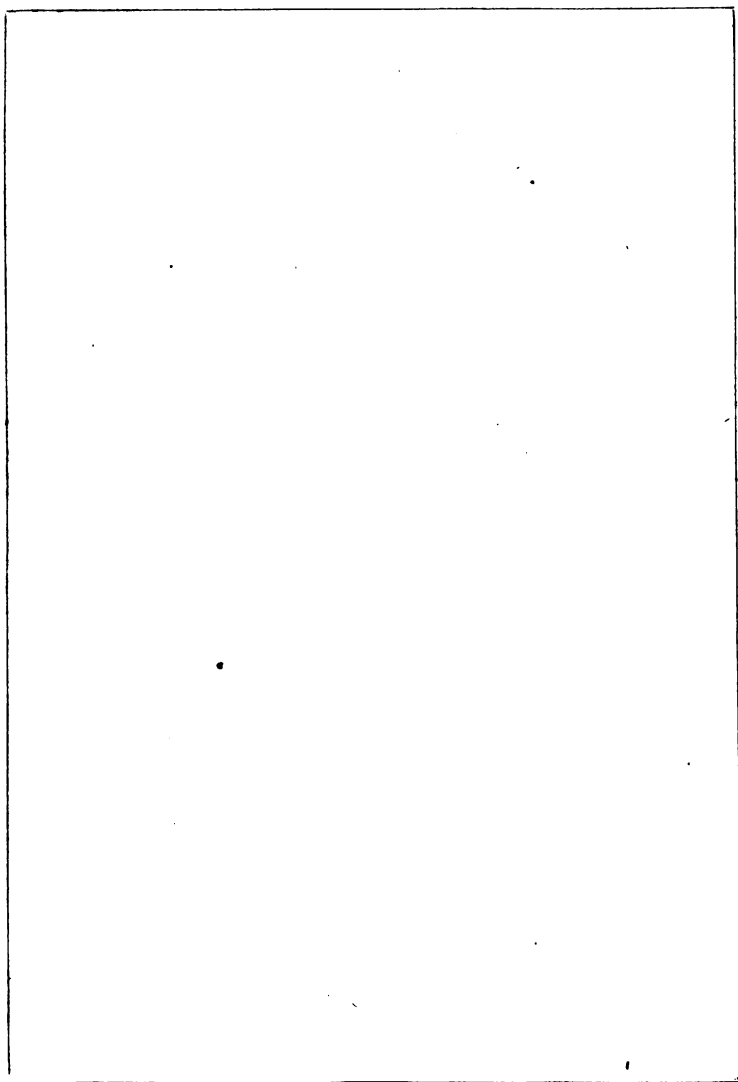
THE text of this Hymnal (except in those few cases in which it is noted as a variation) is that of the original authors. When it differs (except by abridgment) from that of the 'Book of Praise,' the difference is the result of a more accurate verification. In one instance only, (viz. the first two lines of Wesley's Christmas Hymn, No. 30 of this Hymnal,) the author's text, as given in the 'Book of Praise,' has been departed from, in favour of a variation, (Madan's couplet,

'Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,')

which, though not itself beyond criticism, has been too long and too generally established in our Churches to be now easily set aside: especially as the word 'welkin,' in the original, is not satisfactory.

To the Hymns from the 'Book of Praise,' which (subject to some necessary abridgments) seemed best adapted for the purposes of public worship, a few others, consisting chiefly of selections from the Old and New Versions of the Psalms, have been added.

The order of the arrangement, which is the same as that of the 'Book of Praise,' (though not always assembling, under one head, all Hymns suitable for use at the same season,) will, it is believed, make it easy to select those most proper for particular occasions. Thus, the Hymns best suited for Advent will be found, according to their distinctive characters, under the divisions, '*Christ Incarnate*,' '*Christ's Kingdom and Judgment*,' and '*Thy Kingdom come*;'—those for Lent and Passion-Week, under '*Thy Will be done*,' '*Forgive us our Trespases*,' '*The Forgiveness of Sins*,' and '*Christ Crucified*;'—those for Harvest-time, under '*God the Creator*,' and '*Seed-time and Harvest*;'—those for Funeral Services, under '*Resurrection and Eternal Life*,' and '*The Burial of the Dead*.'—Christmas and Epiphany, Easter, Ascension-tide, Whitsuntide and Trinity Sunday, have their appropriate Hymns, under the titles of '*Christ Incarnate*,' '*Christ Risen*,' '*Christ Ascended*,' '*God the Holy Ghost*,' and '*The Holy Trinity*.' And, although there are not, in this volume, any Hymns for each particular Saint's-day Service of the Church of England, those under the divisions, '*The Holy Catholic Church*,' and '*The Communion of Saints*,' are conceived to be sufficient, and perfectly appropriate, for all such commemorations.



MUSICAL EDITOR'S PREFACE.

IN adapting music to words already chosen I have been in some degree spared the 'too much liberty' of unrestricted choice; for the number of existing Psalm and Hymn tunes is very great. Great however as it is, the peculiar forms of line and stanza adopted by many writers have often narrowed the choice of 'apt notes' for them to a minimum, and sometimes rendered the composition of new ones indispensable. For the larger class of Hymns in (so-called) *long, common, short*, and even some *peculiar* metres, I have drawn largely on that rich fund of melody with which long-continued use has familiarized every English congregation. But, over and above all these, I have had in numerous instances to deal with a style of hymn, which has recently found large and hearty acceptance, for which these older melodies are in character altogether unfit, and indeed would furnish but very inadequate musical expression. The words of this Hymnal are marked by great variety of age, and therefore of style: a corresponding variety in the music seems indispensable to the unity of the work completed by it. This of necessity opens the always unsettled question, to what extent modern—and *as yet*, secular—forms of melody and harmony are admissible into sacred music. As a matter of fact, the progress of ecclesiastical music for some centuries back has been as rapid and in the same direction as—only a little behind—that of secular music; and the question just proposed has been practically settled by the Church of one age continually availing itself of the resources of the world in the age before it. But why should even this disparity be maintained? Why, so long as they move in different, though parallel, lines, should sacred music be always in arrear of secular? On what principle are even the wisest and best people of one age to dictate to those of another, not truths which are eternal, but mere forms of expression, in themselves non-essential, and, as all experience proves, ephemeral? A late musical writer in answer to the question, 'And must we then have no new Church music?' replied, 'Yes, but no new *style*.' Surely an answer more consistent with common sense would have been, 'No; let us have no new music, *unless it be* in a new style.' For is it likely that a musician trained in the idiom of Mozart will ever surpass or equal Palestrina in the use of his? And what else but the hope of doing so could justify the composition of 'new' music in the style of the sixteenth century, or in any style other than that of the composer's own epoch? That modern Church musicians should penetrate themselves to the utmost with the spirit of the great masters of the age of

Palestrina is in the highest degree to be wished ; that they should attempt to use their forms of expression is as much to be deprecated. The musical reader will therefore not be surprised to find that the majority of the melodies composed expressly for this work differ widely in character from those older melodies which form the greater bulk of it. In setting Hymns like 'Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,' or the still more recent 'Nearer to Thee,' the composers have not stopped to consider how Tallis or Gibbons would have set them (putting the impossible case of their having had to do so), but they have simply tried how, in the musical idiom of their own time, they could best express the thoughts and feelings of contemporary poets.

In dealing with the older tunes in this volume I have striven to follow the good example of Sir Roundell Palmer in respect to the Hymns to which they are adapted. I have spared no pains, by reference to and comparison of the earliest copies accessible, to arrive at the thought and intention of the original, and too often anonymous, composer. Great licence—greater than seems justifiable in the treatment of any work of art—seems to have been used by even the earliest editors of these old melodies. Copies, all but contemporary, differ, if not much in their notation, yet very much in their rhythm; and in later editions these differences have been settled by the adoption of a barbarous rule reducing all notes in them to an equal length. The mischievous effects of this have been great and various; one, not the least of them, being the extravagant pace at which, within the last few years, they have come to be performed. Rapid execution is always the first remedy that suggests itself to the uninitiated for absence of life in a musical composition. Rapid execution, however, can no more give spirit to lifeless music than sluggish execution can give dignity to flippant music. A dull tune will be none the more lively for being played or sung much too fast; though it will certainly be the sooner ended. The dulness (if it really exist) is inherent to the thing itself, and can only be remedied by alteration, which, judiciously made, will often prove to be *restoration* to an original form. As a well-constructed verse will have its long and short syllables, its emphases, and its pauses, so a well-constructed musical phrase, especially when meant to be allied with verse, will have its long and short notes, its emphases, and its pauses, so disposed as to bring out with added force and clearness the meaning of the verse. In these varieties the old tunes, as they are found in the old copies, are very rich; the possible uniformity of their rhythm being continually avoided by contrivances sometimes a little troublesome to the performer, but always admirably successful when put in practice. Let the musical reader compare the tune *Commandments* (No. 116) with the older version of it, *Audi Israel* (No. 19), and he will assuredly feel the force of what has been said. No volubility of utterance will give brightness to the former; no heaviness of execution will altogether deprive the latter of its spirit and energy. Indeed there is at once a dignity and a life about most of these old tunes, as they appear in the old copies, which is sadly wanting

in the more modern versions of them. The musical reader will do well not to decide hastily on their merits, especially adversely, merely from reading or playing them. None but very experienced Church musicians could anticipate the effect of such tunes as the *Old 137th* (No. 63), *Babylon Streams* (No. 95), '*Freuen wir uns all in ein*' (No. 4), or '*Gott hat das Evangelium*' (No. 144), when executed by a large body of voices well accompanied, and repeated (such tunes *will* bear repetition) half-a-dozen times to as many different verses. It must be remembered too that many of these severe—nay, uncouth—melodies are still, after two or three centuries, the frequently-employed vehicles of prayer or praise for hundreds of Christian congregations all over the world. Habit alone will hardly account for so long a term of favour and of service. Whatever may be the merits of more modern, and for the moment more pleasing, strains, they must of necessity long want the imprimatur which time—the greatest and justest of critics—has set upon their predecessors.

The number of existing hymn-tunes, without taking into account any of the most recently composed, is so large, and they present—the German repertory* especially—such all but exhaustless varieties of form and character, that there is probably no hymn in this volume for which its complement might not have been found in a tune of fitting metre. But fitting metre, in itself indispensable, is not the only qualification for the union of words and notes; and in the comparatively few instances where I have failed in finding music suited as well in *character* as in form for particular hymns, I have invited the co-operation of one or other of my musical brethren, always with a hearty response. Among these I have especially to name my fellow-labourer in other ways, Mr. E. J. Hopkins, organist of the Temple Church, and my friends Dr. Monk, of York, and Dr. Steggall, of Lincoln's Inn, to whom I am severally indebted for Nos. 36, 265, and 296; No. 272; and No. 179. Mr. Joseph Barnby, organist of St. Andrew's, Wells-street, has kindly contributed two compositions (Nos. 177 and 309); and the second of two melodies (Nos. 306 and 320) by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, one of the brightest and last-risen stars of our English musical hemisphere, closes not inappropriately the long series.

My acknowledgments, however, must not end here. I have to return my best thanks for permission, in every instance readily and courteously given, to enrich this collection by the addition of several copyright compositions. To the Lord Bishop of Argyle and the Isles I am indebted for leave to print the bright and popular melody, originally set by Mr. Alexander Ewing to another hymn, but now universally sung to *Jerusalem the golden* (No. 114); also to Mr. Arthur Henry Brown for the use of *St. Brélade's* (No. 203), composed originally for one of the Peterborough Choral Festivals; and to my valued friend Mr. W. H. Monk, editor of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, for the beautiful melody *Abide with me* (No. 251), and another, *St. Lawrence* (No. 185), composed, like Mr. A. H. Brown's, for a Peterborough Festival. Of the tunes bearing my own name, No. 42

* One German collection alone, from which I have made many extracts, the '*Kern des Deutschen Kirchengesanges*' of Layritz, contains upwards of 600 tunes.

was composed for the Rev. R. R. Chope's *Congregational Hymn and Tune Book*; Nos. 51 and 85 for the *Hymns and Psalms for Divine Worship*, recently published by Messrs. Nisbet; Nos. 38 and 49 for the use of the scholars of Charterhouse. Nos. 1, 15, 129, 197, 26, and 67, have been composed expressly for this work. The two last Hymns presented somewhat difficult problems. Their unusual length, and still more unusual irregularity of metre, rendered the adaptation to them of any tunes of ordinary form impossible, while to have set them *in extenso*, with music following the various changes of the verse, would have rendered them altogether unsuitable for congregational use. A mixed form, in which timeless and mensurable melody might be alternately employed, seemed most appropriate; whether I have turned it to the best account experience only will show.

Having adopted a somewhat unusual course in respect to the *naming* of a large number of the tunes in this book, it may be well to state why I have done so. Where a name has been originally given to a tune, or sanctioned, by the composer himself, or where a name has been associated with it, from whatever cause, for a great length of time, I have retained it. *London New, St. Ann's*, and many others, will be found under their several time-honoured designations. The term *Proper Tune* is used always in its old sense—applied to those melodies only which have been set expressly to particular words, or which by universal consent have long been associated with them. In the former class are nearly all the new tunes in this Hymnal; in the latter all such as the *Easter Hymn*. But I have not felt justified in appending names altogether unauthorized by their composers, and altogether unknown to their countrymen, to any of the numerous *German* tunes in this collection. *Breslau, Erfurth*, and the like, suggest no especial melodies to German Church musicians or congregations; nor would the composer of any German melody recognise it under any such title. The practice of naming tunes is exclusively English; it should therefore be limited in its application to English tunes. The *first line* of the hymn to which it was first set is the only recognised name of any German tune, in Germany; and by reference to it the musical student can easily trace it, in all its forms of arrangement, in the numerous collections extant.

This Hymnal contains in all 159 tunes, set to 320 hymns. A considerable number of the former therefore are employed more than once. It seemed undesirable, for congregational use, that they should be unnecessarily multiplied; and the universal practice of the Church for ages past has shown that more than one hymn can be sung to almost every tune of the same metre with it. I have spared no pains in finding for each hymn an appropriate tune, and in some instances it may be thought, at first, that I have not succeeded in doing so. Few English hymns are so symmetrically constructed that every verse will go equally well to any given tune, and in my adaptations I have always been governed by the *majority* of verses, not of necessity by the first verse.

The number, both of hymns and tunes in this collection is so large, that

no one congregation probably will ever use all of them. On the other hand, it is to be hoped that it contains no hymn or tune for which some congregation will not be able to find occasional use.

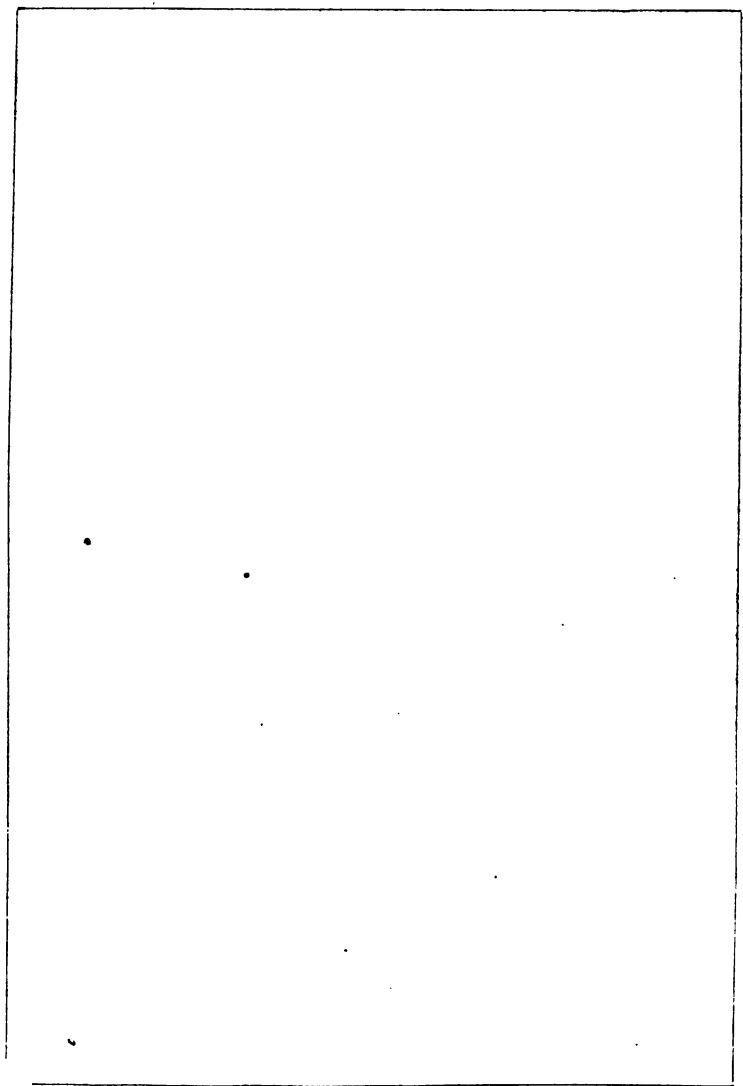
It remains only for me to speak of a subordinate, though not unimportant matter.

The notation employed in this Hymnal, though long since universally adopted in Germany—so rich in hymns and hymn-tunes—has as yet been rarely employed in English publications like the present. As an innovation, it will doubtless be received, by many whose sympathies I should be most anxious to enlist, at first somewhat coldly: when once fairly tried, I believe that it will find general favour, and, sooner or later, be universally adopted. Such an innovation should not for a moment be confounded with any attempt to supersede the present musical alphabet—the only alphabet with the slightest pretence to be called universal—by another, even by a better one, could it be found. It is simply a step onward, in a direction taken by musicians centuries ago, and followed up hitherto, slowly, no doubt, but always without deviation. The musical beat was once represented by the *breve*, afterwards by the *semibreve*, and more recently by the *minim*; and now, it is generally, though not always, represented by the *crotchet*. As a form of musical expression, a bar of four *crotchets* presents many advantages over a bar of two or even four *minims*. The heaviness resulting from the emphasizing of each alternate note, unavoidable in *duple* time, has of late been partially remedied by the almost universal adoption of *quadruple* or common time; but the retention of the *minim* as the representative of the beat in some publications is a tribute to mere habit, attended with many disadvantages. It suggests and often induces a sluggish pace, and an expressionless manner, in performance. Moreover, the same musical phrase, expressed in $\frac{4}{2}$ time, occupies considerably more space than where expressed in $\frac{4}{4}$ time: and this is not merely an inconvenience in itself, but the cause of a greater one—that the phrase is less rapidly, and therefore less easily, appreciated as a whole by the performer. Of minor disadvantages connected with $\frac{4}{2}$ time, such as the impossibility of *grouping* notes forming parts of beats, it is needless to speak.

The *pauses*, so frequent in the following pages are not to be taken in their ordinary musical acceptance, but merely as *indications of the ends of lines*. They are substitutes for the *double bars* commonly used in English hymnals. Where each line (of the words) forms a complete clause, the break in the rhythm ordinarily indicated by the pause may be made with good effect. Where the sense of the words is suspended from line to line, the pause (as such) should be entirely disregarded.

JOHN HULLAH.

LONDON, November 1867.



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PART I.

**HYMNS ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE SUBJECTS
OF THE CREED.**

TABLE OF HOLY SEASONS OF THE CHURCH,

WITH APPROPRIATE HYMNS.

THE following arrangement of the Hymns according to the Holy Seasons of the Church, exhibits, it is believed, a greater variety than will be found in any other compilation. The usefulness of so great a variety will be at once recognised by the clergy, who have to take into consideration special circumstances of their congregations, and special lessons which they may be desirous of drawing from the particular season.

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I.—The Holy Trinity.

"The Catholic Faith is this: That we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity."

Proper Tune.

1.

JOHN HULLAH.



- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Bishop Reginald Heber [1827].

THE HOLY TRINITY.

2.

"Ringe recht wenn Gottes Gnade."

From the
"Gnadauer Choralbuch."



1 **R**OUND the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Fill'd His temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn.

2 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
"Earth is with its fulness stor'd:
"Unto Thee be glory given,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High!"

4 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

5 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
"Earth is with its fulness stor'd:
"Unto Thee be glory given,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

Bishop Richard Mant [1837].

THE HOLY TRINITY.

3.

"Steh auf Herr Gott."

From the Hymn Book of the
Bohemian Brethren, 1566.



1 **H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord
God of hosts! When heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang, with one accord,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the Throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!

James Montgomery [1858].

THE HOLY TRINITY.

4.

"Freuen wir uns all in ein."

M. Weiss, 1531.



Te Deum Laudamus.

- 1 GOD eternal, Lord of all,
Lowly at Thy feet we fall.
All the earth doth worship Thee;
We amidst the throng would be.
- 2 All the holy angels cry,
Hail, thrice holy, God most High!
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.
- 3 Glorified apostles raise
Night and day continual praise;
Hast Thou not a mission too
For Thy children here to do?

- 4 With Thy prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.
- 5 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of Thy cross are heard to boast;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
Early we Thy cross would bear.
- 6 All Thy Church, in heaven and earth,
Jesus' hail Thy spotless birth;
Own the God, who all has made;
And the Spirit's soothing aid.

7 Offspring of a Virgin's womb:
Slain, and Victor o'er the tomb;
Seated on the Judgment-throne,
Number us among Thine own!

8 Day by day we magnify Thee,
And would evermore be nigh Thee;
Keep us from the Tempter's snare;
Spare Thy people, Jesu, spare!

James Elwin Millard [1848].

THE HOLY TRINITY.

St. Andrew.

5.

JOHN STANLEY, c. 1735.



Te Deum Laudamus.

- 1 **T**HREE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise Thy Name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.
- 2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,
Both cherubin and seraphin,
The heavens and all the powers therein.
- 3 The Apostles join the glorious throng;
The Prophets swell the immortal song;
The Martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.
- 4 Thee, holy, holy, holy King!
Thee, the Lord God of hosts, they sing:
Thus earth below, and heaven above,
Resound Thy glory and Thy love.

Thomas Colterill [1810].

THE HOLY TRINITY.

6.

Minster.

WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. Doc., c. 1710.



1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

St. Margaret.

7.

JOHN BLOW, Mus. D., c. 1700.



1 O KING of kings, before whose throne
The angels bow, no gift can we
Present that is indeed our own,
Since heaven and earth belong to
Thee:
Yet this our souls through grace impart,
The offering of a thankful heart.

2 O Jesu, set at God's right hand,
With Thine eternal Father plead
For all Thy loyal-hearted band.
Who still on earth Thy succour need:
For them in weakness strength provide,
And through the world their footsteps
guide.

3 O Holy Spirit, Fount of breath,
Whose comforts never fail nor fade.
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade;
And grant that we through all our days
May share Thy gifts, and sing Thy praise.

Variation by T. Darling, 1857. From John Quarles, 1654.

GOD THE CREATOR.

II.—God the Creator.

*"I believe in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth,
and of all things visible and invisible."*

8.

Old 100th.



PSALM C.

- 1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise;
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

J. Hopkins (Old Version), 1562.

GOD THE CREATOR.

9.

Bucklersbury.

From the "Harmonia Perfecta," 1730.

PSALM C.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy..
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we
stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.

- 3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs.
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with herten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1719. Varied by Charles Wesley, 1741.

GOD THE CREATOR.

Bristol.

10.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



PSALM VIII.

- 1 O LORD our God, how wonderful
Are Thy works everywhere!
Thy fame surmounts in dignity
The highest heavens that are.
- 2 Even by the mouth of sucking babes
Thou wilt confound Thy foes,
For in those babes Thy might is seen,
Thy graces they disclose.
- 3 And when I see the heavens above,
The works of Thine own hand,
The sun, the moon, and all the stars,
In order as they stand;
- 4 Lord! what is man, that Thou of him
Tak'st such abundant care?
Or what the son of man, whom Thou
To visit dost not spare?
- 5 For Thou hast made him little less
Than angels in degree:
And Thou hast also crowned him
With glorious dignity:
- 6 Thou hast preferr'd him to be Lord
Of all Thy works, and Thou
Hast in subjection unto him
Put all things here below.
- 7 O God our Lord! how excellent
Is Thy most glorious Name
In all the earth! therefore do we
Praise and adore the same.

T. Sternhold (Old Version), 1562.

GOD THE CREATOR.

11.

Wareham.

KNAPP, 1760.



PSALM CXV.

- 1 NOT unto us, Almighty Lord,
But to Thyself the glory be!
Created by Thy awful word,
We only live to honour Thee.
- 2 Where is their God? the heathen cry,
And bow to senseless wood and stone;
Our God, we tell them, fills the sky,
And calls ten thousand worlds His own.
- 3 Vain gods! vain men! the Lord alone
Is Israel's worship, Israel's Friend;
O fear His power, His goodness own,
And love Him, trust Him, to the end.
- 4 Who lean on Him, from strength to strength,
From light to light, shall onward move,
Till through the grave they pass at length,
To sing on high His saving love.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

GOD THE CREATOR.

Eastcheap.

12.

From the
"Harmonia Perfecta," 1730.



PSALM CXLVI.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves the opprest, He feeds the poor;
And none shall find His promise vain.
- 2 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience
peace;

He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet re-
lease.

- 3 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

GOD THE CREATOR.

Bucklersbury.

13.

From the
"Harmonia Perfecta," 1730.



PSALM XIX.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

- Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What, though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

Joseph Addison [1712].

GOD THE CREATOR.

14.

Dundee.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

5 The Saviour lends the light and heat,
That crowns His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

6 One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

7 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display:
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

8 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry,
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

9 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

John Keble, 1827.

GOD THE CREATOR.

15.

Proper Tune.

JOHN HULLAH.



1 I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seem'd to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day."

2 I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly thro' the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are number'd."

3 O God! O Good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

Bishop Reginald Heber [1827].

GOD THE CREATOR.

16.

Die helle Sonn leucht ist herfur.

VULPIUS, 1609.



PSALM LXV.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 ON God the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's Name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.</p> <p>2 He bids the noisy tempests cease;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.</p> <p>3 Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains, establish'd by His hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.</p> | <p>4 At His command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.</p> <p>5 Seasons and times obey His voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and drest in flowers.</p> <p>6 'Tis from His watery stores on high
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth His enriching drops dispense.</p> |
|--|---|
- 7 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.
- 8 Thy works pronounce Thy power divine;
O'er every field Thy glories shine;
Through every month Thy gifts appear;
Great God! Thy goodness crowns the year!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

GOD THE CREATOR.

17.

Bedford.

WILLIAM WEALE, Mus. Bac.



- 1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring, whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, Thy love attest
In every cheerful ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love restores the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters bend the vines,
With harvests wave the fields.
- 4 But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,
Are in the Gospel seen;
There, like the Sun, Thy mercy shines
Without a cloud between.

Thomas Gibbons, 1784.

GOD THE CREATOR.

18.

Belgrave.

WILLIAM HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.



1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

5 In heaven He shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath;
'Tis on His earth I stand or move,
And 'tis His air I breathe.

6 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

Isaac Watts, 1720.

GOD THE CREATOR.

19.

Audi Israel.

RICHARD ALLISON, 1840.



- 1 **Y**ES, God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is good."
- 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say
In accents clear, that God is good.
- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, "God is good."
- 4 I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, "God is good."
- 5 Yea, God is good, all Nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.
- 6 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quick'ning word;
These prompt our song that God is good.

John Hampden Gurney, 1838-1881.

GOD THE CREATOR.

20.

Abridge.

ISAAC SMITH, c. 1770.



Nil laudibus nostris eges.

1 OUR praise Thou need'st not; but Thy
love,
Our Father and our Friend,
Would have our prayers thus soar above,
In blessings to descend.

2 Thy secret judgments' depths profound
Still sings the silent night;
The day upon his golden round
Thy pity infinite.

3 The soul lost in astonishment
Would speechless wonder fill;
But, in the ravish'd bosom pent,
Love cannot all be still.

4 Feeble and faint, she fain would tell
Of our great Father's love,
Tempering the ills that with us
dwell,
And pledging good above.

5 Thither would our best thoughts aspire,
But chains on us abide;
O quicken Thou our faint desire,
And to Thy presence guide!

Isaac Williams, 1839.

GOD THE CREATOR.

Manover.

21.

From "A Supplement to the New Version of Psalms," 1703.



PSALM CIV.

- 1 O WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablish'd it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

- 4 Thy bountiful care,
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!
- 6 O measureless Might!
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Tho' feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall hush to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant [1839].

GOD THE CREATOR.

22.

Ruhet wol ihr Lotenbeine.

J. G. C. Stözel, 1711.



PSALM CIII.

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour,
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless;
Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows!

4 Angels, help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

GOD THE CREATOR.

23.

Alle Menschen müssen sterben.

From J. S. BACH's
"Choralgesänge."



PSALM CL.

1 PRAISE the Lord. His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!

2 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace!
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son:
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

GOD THE CREATOR.

24.

Wem in Leidenstagen.

F. FILITZ.



PSALM CXLVIII.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord of Heaven, praise Him in the heischt,
Praise Him, all ye angels, praise Him, stars and light;
Praise Him, skies, and waters, which above the skies,
When His word commanded, 'stablished did arise.
- 2 Praise the Lord, ye fountains of the deeps and seas,
Rocks and hills and mountains, cedars and all trees;
Praise Him, clouds and vapours, snow, and hail, and fire,
Stormy wind, fulfilling only His desire.
- 3 Praise Him, fowls and cattle, princes and all kings,
Praise Him, men and maidens, all created things;
For the Name of God is excellent alone;
Over earth His footstool, over heaven His throne.

T. B. Browne, 1844.

GOD THE CREATOR.

25.

Minster. (Proper Tune.)

WILLIAM CROFT, MUS. D., c. 1710.



PSALM CXLVIII.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame:
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim.
To sing His praise.

2 Thou, moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day;
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay:
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His Holy Name,
By whose Almighty word
They all from nothing came:
And all shall last
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

4 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey:
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

Nicholas Brady and Nahum Tate (New Version), 1696.

GOD THE CREATOR.

26.

(Full)

JOHN HULLAH.



1 The strain upraise of . . . joy and praise; Al - le - lu - ia.

(1st Choir.)



2 To the glory of their King
Shall the ransom'd - - - | peo - ple sing Al - | le - lu - ia.

4 They through the fields of Paradise
that roam,
The blessed ones, repeat through - that bright home Al - le - lu - ia.

6 Ye clouds that onward sweep! Ye winds on pinions light! Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep! Ye lightnings, wildly bright! In sweet con-	sent unite your Al - le - lu - ia.
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8 First let the birds with painted plu- mage say Exalt their great Creator's . . .	praise and say Al - le - lu - ia.
--	-----------------------------------

10 Here let the mountains thunder - forth so - norous Al - le - lu - ia.

12 Thou jubilant abyss of . . . | o - cean cry Al - | le - lu - ia.

(Full.)



14 To God Who all Creation made
The frequent hymn be - - - du - ly paid; Al - le - lu - ia.

GOD THE CREATOR.

(2nd Choir.)



- | | | |
|--|---------------------|-----------------|
| 5 And the Choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo - - - - - | thro' the sky, Al- | - le - lu - ia. |
| 6 The planets glittering on their hea-
venly way,
The shining constellations, - - - | join and say Al- | - le - lu - ia. |
| 7 Ye floods and ocean billows!
Ye storms and winter snow!
Ye days of cloudless beauty!
Hoar frost and summer glow!
Ye groves that wave in Spring
And glorious - - - - - | fo - rests sing Al- | - le - lu - ia. |
| 9 Then let the beasts of earth, with
varying strain,
Join in Creation's Hymn, and - - - | cry a - gain Al- | - le - lu - ia. |
| 11 There let the valleys sing in - - - | gentler chorus Al- | - le - lu - ia. |
| 13 Ye tracts of earth and conti- - - | nents re - ply Al- | - le - lu - ia. |

GOD THE CREATOR.

(1st Choir.)



15 This is the strain, the eternal strain,
the Lord of - - - all things loves. Al- le - lu - ia.

17 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a-waking, Al- le - lu - ia.

(Full.)

Chorale.



19 Now from all men be out-poured, Al - le - lu - ia to the Lord;



Al - le - lu - ia e - ver-more, Son and Spi - rit we a - dore.

(Full.)



20 Praise be done to the - - - Three in One. Al - le - lu - ia.

GOD THE CREATOR.

(2nd Choir.)



16 This is the song, the heavenly song,
that Christ Him- - - self ap-proves. Al- - le - lu - ia.
18 And children's voices echo - - - an-swer making Al- - le - lu - ia.

John Mason Neale, 1851.

CHRIST INCARNATE.

III.—Christ Incarnate.

"And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, begotten of His Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, Begotten, not made, being of one Substance with the Father, by Whom all things were made :

"Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from Heaven, and was Incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man."

27.

Dorchester.

JOHN WAINWRIGHT, Mus. Doc.



CHRIST INCARNATE.



1 CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born:
Rise to adore the mystery of Love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' angelic herald's voice, "Behold!
"I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
"To you, and all the nations upon earth:
"This day has God fulfilled His promis'd word;
"This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake: and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of Redeeming Love they sang,
And heav'n's whole orb with hallelujahs rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

4 To Bethlehem straight th' enlighten'd shepherds ran,
To see the Wonder God had wrought for man;
And found, with Joseph and the Blessed Maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid.
Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim,
The first apostles of His infant fame.

5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy:
Trace we the Babe, Who has retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross,
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, th' angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song:
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display:
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels, and of angel-men, the King.

John Byrom, 1773.

CHRIST INCARNATE.

28.

Herr Jesu Christ war Mensch und Gott.

Ulenberg Psalter, 1582.



1 'TIS come, the time so oft foretold,
The time eternal love forecast:
Four thousand years of hope have
rolled.

And God hath sent His Son at last;
Let heaven, let earth, adore the plan;
Glory to God, and grace to man!

2 To swains that watch'd their nightly
fold,

Of lowly lot, of lowly mind,
To these the tidings first were told.
That told of hope for lost mankind;
God gives His Son; no more He can,
Glory to God, and grace to man!

3 And well to shepherds first 'tis known,
The Lord of angels comes from high,
In humblest aspect like their own,
Good Shepherd, for His sheep to die:
O height and depth, which who shall
span?

Glory to God, and grace to man!

4 Fain with those meek, those happy
swains,

Lord, I would hear that angel quire:
Till, ravished by celestial strains,
My heart responds with holy fire;
(That holy fire Thy breath must fan;)
Glory to God, and grace to man!

Thomas Grinfield, 1838.

CHRIST INCARNATE.

Proper Tune.

29.

Old English.



- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watched their
flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he; (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind.)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
"Is born of David's line
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
"And this shall be the sign.

- 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
"To human view displayed,
"All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song.
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
"And to the earth be peace;
"Good will henceforth from heaven to
men
"Begin, and never cease!"

Nahum Tate, 1703.

CHRIST INCARNATE.

Proper Gune.

30.

HENRY BOYS, 1832.



1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 Universal nature say,
 Christ the Lord is born to-day!

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
 Christ, the Everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb:

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail, th' Incarnate Deity,
 Pleased as man with men to appear,
 Jesus, our Immanuel here!

3 Hail! the heavenly Prince of Peace!
 Hail! the Sun of Righteousness;
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

CHRIST INCARNATE.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home!
Rise, the Woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head!
Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore,
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine!

5 Adam's likeness, Lord, efface;
Stamp Thy image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love!
Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
Thee, the Life, the Heavenly Man:
O! to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart!

Charles Wesley, 1743. Varied by Martin Madan, 1760.

31.

"Rejoice, the Lord is King."

HANDEL.



1 WE'LL sing, in spite of scorn:
Our theme is come from Heaven:
To us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given;
The sweetest news that ever came
We'll sing, though all the world should
blame.

2 The long-expected morn
Has dawn'd upon the earth;
The Saviour Christ is born,
And angels sing His birth:
We'll join the bright seraphic throng,
We'll share their joys, and swell their song.

3 Now sing of peace divine,
Of grace to guilty man;
No wisdom, Lord, but Thine
Could form the wondrous plan;
Where peace and righteousness embrace,
And justice goes along with grace.

4 Give praise to God on high,
With angels round His throne;
Give praise to God with joy,
Give praise to God alone!
His meet His saints their songs should
raise,
And give the Saviour endless praise.

Thomas Kelly, 1806-1836.

CHRIST INCARNATE.

32.

Christo, dem Herrn sei Lob und Dank.

Bohemian Brethren, 1666.



1 THE scene around me disappears,
And, borne to ancient regions,
While time recalls the flight of years,
I see angelic legions
Descending in an orb of light:
Amidst the dark and silent night
I hear celestial voices.

2 Tidings, glad tidings from above
To every age and nation!
Tidings! glad tidings! God is Love,
To man He sends salvation!
His Son beloved, His only Son,
The work of mercy hath begun;
Give to His Name the glory!

3 Through David's city I am led;
Here all around are sleeping;
A Light directs to yon poor shed;
There lonely watch is keeping:
I enter; ah! what glories shine!
Is this Immanuel's earthly shrine,
Messiah's infant Temple?

4 It is, it is; and I adore
This Stranger meek and lowly,
As saints and angels bow before
The throne of God thrice Holy!
Faith through the veil of flesh can see
The face of Thy Divinity,
My Lord, my God, my Saviour!

James Montgomery, 1825.

CHRIST INCARNATE.

33.

St. Magnus.

JEREMIAH CLARKE, c. 1700.



- 1 **W**HEN Thou, O Lord, in flesh wert drest,
The world Thou mad'st to free,
The Inn, where weary travellers rest,
Had not a room for Thee.
- 2 The Holy Babe in manger rude
Was all His birth-night laid;
Pondering God's words, in thoughtful mood,
Nigh watched the Mother Maid.
- 3 But oh! that wondrous midnight round
What light, what glories throng,
When man his infant Saviour found,
And heard the angels' song!
- 4 Sweet anthem! caught from hosts on high,
Dwell thou our hearts within;
Blest bridal of the earth and sky,
Long separate through sin.
- 5 Though all unmeet that gladsome hymn
For harps by sin unstrung,
That psalm, by white-robed seraphim
In God's own presence sung,
- 6 Yet sometimes, when our spirit tires,
By toil and darkness worn,
Lord! make us hear seraphic choirs,
And give a glimpse of morn!
- 7 If love wax cold, and strife increase,
Chant in our hearts again,
"Glory to God on high, and peace
"On earth, good will to men!"

Joseph Anstice, 1886.

CHRIST INCARNATE.

Old 81st.

34.

RICHARD ALLISON, 1621.



IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King:"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurld;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:

Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

CHRIST INCARNATE.

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1850.

35.

London New.

From the Scottish Psalter, 1616.



ISAIAH IX. 2-7.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious Light;
The people dwell in Day, who dwelt
In Death's surrounding night.

2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

3 For Thou our burden hast removed,
And quell'd th' oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

4 To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

6 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And Peace abound below.

John Morrison, 1770.

CHRIST INCARNATE.

Proper Gune.

36.

E. J. HOPKINS.



- 1 **BRIGHTEST** and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 **Brightest** and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Bishop Reginald Heber [1827].

CHRIST INCARNATE.

37.

Asylum.

WILLIAM HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.



- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.
- 3 O haste to follow where it leads:
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.
- 4 O gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given!
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

CHRIST INCARNATE.

St. Bruno.

38.

JOHN HULLAH.



1 **A**s with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down:
There for ever may we sing
Alleluia to our King.

William Chatterton Dix, 1880.

CHRIST INCARNATE.

39.

Portsmouth.

From the "Harmonia Perfecta," 1730.



- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song!
- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved Name.

Philip Doddridge [1755].

CHRIST INCARNATE.

40.

Advent (New).

WILLIAM HORSLEY, Mus. Bac., c. 1842.



1 **L**O! He comes! let all adore Him!
 'Tis the God of grace and truth!
 Go! prepare the way before Him,
 Make the rugged places smooth!
 Lo! He comes, the mighty Lord!
 Great His work and His reward.

2 Let the valleys all be raised;
 Go, and make the crooked straight;
 Let the mountains be abased;
 Let all nature change its state;
 Through the desert mark a road,
 Make a highway for our God.

3 Through the desert God is going,
 Through the desert waste and wild,
 Where no goodly plant is growing,
 Where no verdure ever smiled;
 But the desert shall be glad,
 And with verdure soon be clad.

4 Where the thorn and briar flourish'd,
 Trees shall there be seen to grow,
 Planted by the Lord and nourish'd.
 Stately, fair, and fruitful too;
 They shall rise on every side,
 They shall spread their branches wide.

5 From the hills and lofty mountains,
 Rivers shall be seen to flow,
 There the Lord will open fountains,
 Thence supply the plains below;
 As He passes, every land
 Shall confess His powerful hand.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

CHRIST INCARNATE.

41.

Manchester (New).

JOHN WAINWRIGHT, Mus. Doc.



PSALM XCVIII.

- 1 JOY to the world, the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

CHRIST INCARNATE.

42.

- Berwick.

JOHN HULLAH.



1 THUS saith God of His Anointed:

He shall let My people go;
'Tis the work for Him appoint'd,
'Tis the work that He shall do;
And My city
He shall found, and build it too.

2 He whom man with scorn refuses,
Whom the favoured nation hates,
He it is Jehovah chooses,
Him the highest place awaits;
Kings and princes
Shall do homage at His gates.

3 He shall humble all the scorners.
He shall fill His foes with shame;
He shall raise and comfort mourners
By the sweetness of His Name;
To the Captives
He shall liberty proclaim.

4 He shall gather those that wander'd;
When they hear the trumpet's sound,
They shall join the sacred standard,
They shall come and flock around;
He shall save them,
They shall be with glory crown'd.

Thomas Kelly, 1808.

CHRIST INCARNATE.

43.

St. David's.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- 1 () FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
Thy spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy Name!
- 3 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace!
- 4 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

Charles Wesley, 1743.

CHRIST INCARNATE.

44.

Irish.

ISAAC SMITH, 1770.



1 **H**OW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear!

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death!

John Newton, 1779.

IV.—Christ Crucified.

"And was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate; He suffered, and was buried."

45.

"Jesu! Leiden, Pein und Tod."

From J. S. BACH'S
"Choralgesänge."



1 BOUND upon th' accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding, Who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh, with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side, so deeply pierc'd,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

2 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, Who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth, that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints, that burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow:
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

3 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, Who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost giv'n up in agony;
By the lifeless Body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners, come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now:
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

4 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His Throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

46.

Guilton.

JAMES HARRISON.



1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

47, 48.

Iam Lucis Orto Siders.

JOHN BISHOP, c. 1720.



1 **W**E sing the praise of Him Who died,
Of Him Who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, God is Love;
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The Cross! it takes our guilt away:
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light:

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

1 **L**ORD Jesu, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy Holy Cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
Oh! may we count the world as loss.

2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast
trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord! uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal
woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below,

4 Give us an ever living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee!

William Walsham How [1854].

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

49.

Bellindge.

JOHN HULLAH.



- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear Head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove:
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

50.

Dundas.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- 1 **P**LUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and oh! amazing love!
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold!
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Belfast.

51.

JOHN HULLAH.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.</p> <p>2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.</p> <p>3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.</p> | <p>4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.</p> <p>5 Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.</p> <p>6 The Gospel Trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.</p> |
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Charles Wesley, 1751.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

52.

Morning Hymn.

BARTHELEMON.



- 1 NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs;
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.
- 2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain;
But we can add a higher strain;
Not only say, He suffered thus,
But that He suffered all for us.
- 3 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
Assumed our flesh to bleed and die;
And still He makes it His abode;
As man He fills the throne of God.
- 4 Our next of kin, our Brother now,
Is He to whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise His Name,
But we the nearest interest claim.
- 5 But ah! how faint our praises rise!
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share His richest love,
So cold and unconcern'd should prove.
- 6 O glorious hour! it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the God who died for man,
And praise Him more than angels can.

John Newton, 1779.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

53.

Hayland.

REV. WILLIAM JONES.



1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the Throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine,
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole Creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him, that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

54.

Abridge.

ISAAC SMITH, c. 1770.



- 1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till Thou art form'd within:
Till Thou hast calm'd our troubled breast,
And crush'd the power of sin.
- 2 O may we gaze upon Thy cross
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light.
- 3 Until, releas'd from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.
- 4 There as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee;
And in a fairer, happier home,
Thy perfect beauty see.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

55.

"Sinners, obey the Gospel Word."

HANDEL.



1 SAVIOUR, I lift my trembling eyes
To that bright seat, where, placed on high,
The great, the atoning Sacrifice,
For me, for all, is ever nigh.

2 Be Thou my guard on peril's brink;
Be Thou my guide through weal or woe;
And teach me of Thy cup to drink,
And make me in Thy path to go.

3 For what is earthly change or loss?
Thy promises are still my own:
The feeblest frame may bear Thy cross,
The lowliest spirit share Thy Throne.

Anon, "M. G. T.," 1831.

CHRIST RISEN.

V.—Christ Risen.

"And the third day He rose again, according to the Scriptures."

St. Ann.

56.

WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. Doc.



PSALM XVIII.

- | | |
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| <p>1 GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee:
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.</p> <p>2 My God, my Rock, in whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth;
My Refuge, Buckler, and my Shield,
The Horn of all my health.</p> <p>3 When I sing praise unto the Lord
Most worthy to be served,
Then from my foes I am right sure
That I shall be preserved.</p> <p>4 The pangs of death did compass me,
And bound me everywhere:
The flowing waves of wickedness
Did put me in great fear.</p> <p>5 I, thus beset with pain and grief,
Did pray to God for grace;
And He forthwith heard my complaint
Out of His holy place.</p> <p>6 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.</p> | <p>7 On cherubs and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.</p> <p>8 He brought me forth in open space,
That so I might be free;
And kept me safe, because He had
A favour unto me.</p> <p>9 He did in order put my hands
In battle for to fight;
To break in sunder bars of brass
He gave my arms the might.</p> <p>10 Thou teachest me Thy saving health,
Thy Right Hand is my tower;
Thy love and gentleness also
Doth still increase my power.</p> <p>11 And under me Thou makest plain
The way where I should go;
So that my feet shall never slip,
Nor wander to and fro.</p> <p>12 And fiercely I pursue and take
The foes that me annoyed:
And from the field do not return
Till they be all destroyed.</p> |
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T. Sternhold (Old Version), 1562.

CHRIST RISEN.

57.

Salisbury.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



1 TAKE pity for Thy promise' sake;
Have mercy. Lord, on me:
Because my soul doth her betake
Unto the help of Thee.

2 Within the shadow of Thy wings
I set myself full fast,
Till mischief, malice, and like things,
Be gone and overpast.

3 Awake, my joy; awake, I say,
My lute, my harp and string!
And I myself before the day
Will rise, rejoice, and sing!

4 Among the people I will tell
The goodness of my God,
And show His praise that doth excel,
In heathen lands abroad.

5 His mercy doth extend as far
As heavens all are high:
His truth as high as any star
That shineth in the sky!

6 Set forth and show Thyself, O God,
Above the heavens most bright!
Exalt Thyself on earth abroad,
Thy majesty and might!

J. Hopkins (Old Version), 1562.

CHRIST RISEN.

58.

St. Magnus.

JEREMIAH CLARKE, c. 1700.



- 1 **A** GAIN the Lord of Life and Light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom;
O what a Sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.
- 5 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death;
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
With His expiring breath.
- 6 And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke beneath His powerful cross
Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 7 Exalted high at God's right hand,
The Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dis-
pens'd,
And boundless blessings flow.
- 8 And still for erring guilty man
A Brother's pity flows;
And still His bleeding heart is touch'd
With memory of our woes.
- 9 To Thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
With Thee that I may live!

Anna Letitia Barbauld, 1773.

CHRIST RISEN.

"Werde munter mein Gemüthe."

59.

From J. S. Bach's
"Choralgesänge."



1 **L**O! the day the Lord hath made!
From the tomb's funeral shade
Now the Sun of goodness brings
Healing on His radiant wings;
And before His bridal light
All the denizens of night,
Fear, and shame, and sorrow, fade:
Bless the day the Lord hath made!

2 Angels, who the morn outrun
To adore the glorious Sun;
At whose step the firm earth shakes,
From whose eye the lightning breaks;
Ye, whose hand excels in might;
Ye, whose accents breathe delight;
Forms in dazzling white array'd;
Bless the day the Lord hath made!

3 Holy men, beloved pair,
Who with rival speed repair
To explore the inmost gloom
Of the yet untrodden tomb;
Mark the clothes, that wrapped Him
round,
Swathed His limbs, His temples bound,
All in seemliest order laid:
Bless the day the Lord hath made!

4 Doubtful hearts, whom late He taught,
Musing now in anxious thought,
Cease your doubts, your sorrows cease,
Hear Him speak the words of peace:
Deem your eyes no spirit meet;
Mark His pierced hands and feet,
Mark His wounded side display'd:
Bless the day the Lord hath made!

5 Church of God, whom this fair morn
Sees to life and glory born,
Founded on the Living Stone,
Which by Judah's builders thrown,
Thrown with infamy aside,
Now becomes thy Strength and Pride;
Be thy debt of duty paid;
Bless the day the Lord hath made!

6 Ever, as this day shall rise
Beaming in the vernal skies,
Duly to the Saviour's praise,
Church of God, the anthem raise!
Christ our passover was slain!
Keep the feast, and swell the strain!
Christ is raised from the dead!
Bless the day the Lord hath made!

Bishop Richard Mant, 1830.

CHRIST RISEN.

60.

Nativity.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise!

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 What though once we perish'd all,
Partners in our parents' fall?
Second life we all receive,
In our Heavenly Adam live.

7 Risen with Him, we upward move;
Still we seek the things above;
Still pursue, and kiss the Son
Seated on His Father's Throne.

8 Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now!
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

9 King of glory, Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love!

Charles Wesley, 1743.

CHRIST RISEN.

61.

Proper Tune.

JOHN WORGAN, Mus. Doc.



1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah!
 Our triumphant holy day, Hal.
 Who did once upon the cross, Hal.
 Suffer to redeem our loss; Hal.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hal.
 Unto Christ our heavenly King, Hal.
 Who endured the cross and grave, Hal.
 Sinners to redeem and save; Hal.

3 But the pain which He endured, Hal.
 Our salvation has procured: Hal.
 Now above the sky He's king, Hal.
 Where the angels ever sing Hal.

4 Sing we to our God above Hal.
 Praise eternal as His love; Hal.
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host, Hal.
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; Hal.

Anon. 1762. (Doxology by Charles Wesley.)

CHRIST RISEN.

Christmas Carol.

62.

Old English.



Ad templa nos rursus vocat.

- 1 **M**ORNING lifts her dewy veil
With new-born blessings crown'd;
Let us haste her light to hail
In courts of holy ground.
Christ hath shed a fairer morn,
From darkness rising free;
In His glorious light new-born,
Let us lift the jubilee.
- 2 From the swaddling bands of night
When sprang the world so fair,
Putting on her robes of light,
O what a power was there!

- When our God, who gave His Son,
His guilty foes to spare,
Woke to life the guiltless One,
O what a love was there!
- 3 When from the Eternal's hand
The earth in beauty stood,
Deck'd in light at His command,
He saw, and called it good.
Yet a goodlier world it stood
In the Creator's sight,
In the Lamb's all-cleansing blood
Wash'd to celestial white.

Isaac Williams, 1839.

CHRIST RISEN.

Old 137th.

63.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



1 THE Son of God! the Lord of Life!

O How wondrous are His ways!
O for a harp of thousand strings,
To sound abroad His praise!

How passing strange, to leave the seat
Of Heaven's eternal throne,
And hosts of glittering Seraphim,
For guilty man alone!

2 And did He bow His sacred head,

And die a death of shame?

Let men and angels magnify
And bless His holy name!

O let us live in peace and love,

And cast away our pride,
And crucify our sins afresh,
As He was crucified!

3 He rose again; then let us rise
From sin, and Christ adore,
And dwell in peace with all mankind,
And tempt the Lord no more;
The Son of God! the Lord of Life!
How wondrous are His ways!
O for a harp of thousand strings
To sound abroad His praise!

George Mowbride [1851].

CHRIST RISEN.

64.

Asylum.

WILLIAM HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.



- 1 **S**ALVATION! oh! the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears!
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears!
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise, by grace Divine,
 To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

CHRIST RISEN.

65.

(Full.)

Chorale.

JOHN HULLAH.



1 The foe be-hind, the deep be-fore, Our hosts have dar'd and pass'd the sea; And



Pha-raoh's war-riors strew the shore, And Is-rael's ran-som'd tribes are free. Lift



up, lift up your voi - ces now! The whole wide world re - joi - ces now! The



Lord hath tri-umph'd glo - rious - ly! The Lord shall reign vic - to - rious - ly!

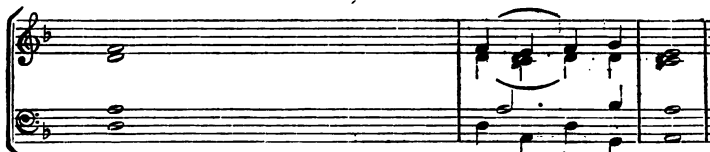
CHRIST RISEN.

(1st Choir.)



2 Happy morrow, Turning sorrow Into - - - - peace and mirth!
4 Seals assuring, Guards securing, Watch His - - - earth - - ly prison:

(2nd Choir.)



3 Bondage ending, Love descending - - - - - O'er the earth!
5 Seals are shattered, Guards are scattered, - - - - Christ hath risen!

(Full.)

Chorale.



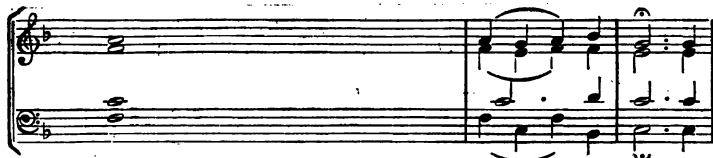
6 No long-er must the mourn-ers weep, Nor call de-part-ed Christ-ians dead; For



death is hal-low'd in - to sleep, And ev - 'ry grave be-comes a bed.

CHRIST RISEN.

(1st Choir.)

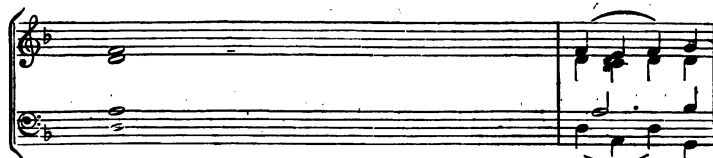


7 Now once more, Eden's door Open stands to - - - mor - - tal eyes; For



Christ hath risen, and men shall rise:

(2nd Choir.)



8 Now at last, Old things past, Hope and joy and - - - - - peace be-



gin: For Christ hath won, and man shall win.

CHRIST RISEN.

(Full.)

Chorale.



9 It is not ex - ile, rest on high: It is not sad-ness, peace from strife: To



fall a - sleep is not to die; To dwell with Christ is bet - ter life.

(Full.)

Coda.



10. Where our ban - ner leads us, We may safe - ly go:



Where our Chief pre - cedes us, We may face the foe.

CHRIST RISEN.



His right arm is o'er us, He will guide us through;



Christ hath gone be - fore us; Christ-ians! fol - low you!

John Mason Neale, 1851.

CHRIST ASCENDED.

VI.—Christ Ascended.

*"And ascended into Heaven; and sitteth on the right hand
of the Father."*

Old 25th.

66.

From Kate's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1594.



- 1 THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppress'd;
Lord! send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest!
- 2 Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown:

- And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us, at last, to Thee!
- 3 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Oh! by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high!

Emma Tuke, 1851.

CHRIST ASCENDED.

Proper Tune.

67.

JOHN HULLAH.



- 1 **T**HOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality,
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast pass'd from earth, pass'd to Thy home on high.
- 2 It was no path of flowers
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, Thou didst tread:
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?
- 3 O Thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife!
Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed;
Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.
- 4 Ev'n through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be:
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour! which doth lead to Thee.

Sarah Miles [1840].

CHRIST ASCENDED.

"Geh aus, mein Herz."

68.

Bavarian, 1620.



- 1 **T**O Him, who for our sins was slain,
To Him, for all His dying pain,
Sing we Hallelujah!
To Him, the Lamb our sacrifice,
Who gave His soul our ransom-price,
Sing we Hallelujah!
- 2 To Him, who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Hallelujah!
To Him, who rose that we might rise
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Hallelujah!

- 3 To Him, who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Hallelujah!
To Him, who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Hallelujah!
- 4 To Him be glory evermore;
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing we Hallelujah!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God most great, our joy and boast,
Sing we Hallelujah!

Arthur Tozer Russell, 1851.

CHRIST ASCENDED.

69.

Angels'.

WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. Doc.



- 1 **W**HERE high the heavenly Temple,
stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He, who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious Blood,
Pursues in Heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the Throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of Heavenly Power
To help us in the evil hour.

John Logan, 1770.

CHRIST ASCENDED.

70.

"Da Christus geboren war."

Freylinghausen, 1704.



- 1 **L**ORD of mercy and of might!
Of mankind the Life and Light!
Maker, Teacher, Infinite!
Jesus! hear and save!
- 2 Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
Jesus! hear and save!
- 3 Mighty Monarch! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captivè, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus! hear and save!
- 4 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus! hear and save!
- 5 Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us! help us when we cry!
Jesus! hear and save!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

CHRIST ASCENDED.

71.

"O du Liebe meiner Liebe."

From the
"Darmstadt Gebetbuch," 1698.



- 1 **H**AIL, Thou once despis'd Jesus,
Hail, thou Galilean king!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame;
By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy Name!
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed.
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy Blood;
Opened is the gate of Heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!
- 5 Soon we shall, with those in glory,
His transcendent grace relate;
Gladly sing th' amazing story
Of His dying love so great:
In that blessed contemplation
We for evermore shall dwell,
Crown'd with bliss and consolation,
Such as none below can tell.

John Bakewell, 1760.

CHRIST ASCENDED.

72.

"Jesu! Leiden, Pein und Tod."

From J. S. Bach's
"Choralgesänge."



- 1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh! by all the pains and woe
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!
- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, oh! turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!
- 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's lov'd abode;

- By the anguish'd sigh that told
Treachery lurk'd within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany!
- 4 By Thine hour of dire despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn.
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veil'd the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!
- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

Sir Robert Grant, 1815.

CHRIST ASCENDED.

73.

Advent (New).

WILLIAM HORSLEY, Mus. Bac., c. 1842.



1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

2 When He lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

3 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love!
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But, when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

John Newton, 1779.

CHRIST ASCENDED.

74.

Old 148th.

From Playford's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1670.



1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
Are all too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy Name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd His Blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful Blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the Throne.

4 My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing:
Thine is the power: behold I sit
In willing bonds before Thy feet!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

VII.—Christ's Kingdom and Judgment.

"And He shall come again with Glory, to judge both the quick and the dead: whose Kingdom shall have no end."

75.

Iam Lucis Orto. Sidera.

JOHN BISHOP, c. 1720.



1 NOW is the hour of darkness past;
Christ has assumed His reigning power;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies to rise no more.

2 'Twas by Thy Blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the Tempter down;
'Twas by Thy word and powerful Name
They gained the battle and renown.

3 Rejoice, ye heavens! let every star
Shine with new glories round the sky!
Saints, while ye sing the heavenly war,
Raise your Deliverer's Name on high!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

Proper Guns.

76.

HANDEL.



1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King.
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and Heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The Trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

Charles Wesley, 1745.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

77.

Winchester New.

JAMES KENT, c. 1740.



- 1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- 2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?
- 3 The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.
- 4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the Crucified.
- 5 Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the Throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.
- 6 O, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King!

Josiah Conder, 1824.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

78.

Lancaster.

SAMUEL HOWARD, Mus. Doc., c. 1750.



- 1 **H**E, Who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal Throne,
The God of Glory reigns.
- 2 His hands the wheels of Nature guide
With an unerring skill,
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey His sovereign will.
- 3 While harps unnumbered sound His praise
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire His ways
And glory in His love.
- 4 His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a hiding-place and shield
From enemies and storms.
- 5 This land, through which His pilgrims go,
Is desolate and dry;
But streams of grace from Him o'erflow,
Their thirst to satisfy.
- 6 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this Almighty Rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.
- 7 How glorious He! how happy they
In such a glorious Friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

John Newton, 1779.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

79, 80.

Hayland.

REV. WILLIAM JONES.



- 1 THE Head that once was crown'd with thorns,
Is crown'd with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that Heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And Heaven's eternal Light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.
- 4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of Heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
- 6 The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly, 1802.

- 1 HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord;
With Cherubim and Seraphim
Exalt the Incarnate Word.
- 2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise:
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.
- 3 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free!
Thy Blood, our life; Thy word, our
feast;
Thy Name, our only plea.
- 4 Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
Our offerings to Thy Throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.
- 5 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.
- 6 O Saviour, if, redeem'd by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

William Henry Havergal, 1833.

81.

"Balet will ich dir geben."

MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1613.



PSALM LXXII.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.
- 3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:

- With offerings of devotion
Ships from the Isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.
- 5 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.
 - 6 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.
 - 7 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery, 1822.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

82.

Audi Israel

RICHARD ALLISON, 1549.



PSALM LXXII.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His Head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

Bristol New.

83.

SAMUEL WESLEY.



PSALM LXXII.

- 1 GREAT God, Whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,
Extend His power, exalt His throne.
- 2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send His influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distills
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shade of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 4 The saints shall flourish in His days,
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from His Throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

84.

Irish.

ISAAC SMITH, 1770.



- 1 **B**EHOLD! the Mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 5 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.
- 6 Come, then! Oh, come, from every land,
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the Light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

Michael Bruce, 1768.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

85.

Bentley.

JOHN HULLAH.



1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1823.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

86.

Berwick.

JOHN HULLAH.



- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands,
Mourning captive!
God Himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning!
Zion still is well beloved!
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send!
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour bless'd;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest!

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

87.

Old 148th.

From Playford's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1670.



1 O HOUSE of Jacob, come,
And walk with us in light:
No more bewildered roam
Like wanderers in the night:
The Hope of Israel calls you near,
And Abraham's Shield, and Isaac's Fear.

2 O thou by tempests toss'd,
Reviled, distress'd, trod down,
In every region cross'd,
With grief familiar grown,
Scattered and abject, peel'd, forlorn,
Thy name a taunt, thyself a scorn;

3 Though thou art fill'd, alas!
And drunk with misery,
That cup begins to pass
To them that hated thee:
But know, we honour Israel's name,
Our God and Abraham's is the same.

4 Rise, Jacob, from thy woes,
And thy Messiah see;
He, Who thy fathers chose,
Has not forgotten thee:
At His command, we bid you come;
Her Israel Zion welcomes home.

William Hurn, 1813.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

88.

"Du Lebensbrot Herr Jesu Christ."

WALTHER, 1524.



1 THE Lord of Might from Sinai's brow
 Gave forth His voice of thunder;
 And Israel lay on earth below,
 Outstretch'd in fear and wonder:
 Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
 And at His left hand and His right
 The rocks were rent asunder.

2 The Lord of Love on Calvary,
 A meek and suffering stranger,
 Upraised to heaven His languid eye
 In nature's hour of danger;
 For us He bore the weight of woe,
 For us He gave His blood to flow,
 And met His Father's anger.

3 The Lord of Love, and Lord of Might,
 The King of all created,
 Shall back return to claim His right,
 On clouds of glory seated;
 With trumpet-sound, and angel-song,
 And hallelujahs loud and long,
 O'er death and hell defeated.

Bishop Reginald Heber [1827].

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

Lincoln.

89.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- 1 **W**HEN came in flesh th' Incarnate Word
The heedless world slept on,
And only simple shepherds heard
That God had sent His Son.
- 2 When comes the Saviour at the last,
From west to east shall shine
The awful pomp, and earth aghast
Shall tremble at the sign.
- 3 Then shall the pure in heart be blest;
As mild He comes to them,
As when upon the Virgin's breast
He lay at Bethlehem.
- 4 As mild to meek-eyed love and faith;
Only more strong to save;
Strengthened, by having bowed to death,
By having burst the grave.
- 5 Lord! who could dare see Thee descend
In state, unless he knew
Thou art the sorrowing sinner's Friend,
The gracious, and the true?
- 6 Dwell in our hearts, O Saviour blest!
So shall Thine Advent dawn
Twixt us and Thee, our bosom-Guest,
Be but the veil withdrawn.

Joseph Anstice, 1833.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

90.

"Hark, the Herald Angels."

HENRY BOYS, 1832.



1 SEE, the ransomed millions stand,
 O Palms of conquest in their hand;
 This before the Throne their strain:
 "Hell is vanquish'd; death is slain;
 "Blessing, honour, glory, might,
 "Are the Conqueror's native right;
 "Thrones and powers before Him fall;
 "Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"

2 Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;
 Come in glory and in power;
 Still Thy foes are unsubdued;
 Nature sighs to be renewed:
 Time has nearly reach'd its sum,
 All things with Thy Bride say, Come;
 Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
 Come, and reign for evermore!

Josiah Conder, 1837—1858.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

Old 25th.

91.

From Este's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1594.



- 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous Day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,
The awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from Heaven come down,
The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

- 3 To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye Dead, the Judge is come!
"Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
"And meet your instant doom!"
- 4 O may we thus be found,
Obedient to His word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord:
O may we thus insure
Our lot among the blest,
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest!

Charles Wesley, 1749.

"Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit." 92.
(Luther's Hymn.)

1535.



1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of mankind created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

2 The dead in Christ are first to rise
And greet th' Archangel's warning,
To meet the Saviour in the skies
On this auspicious morning:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His Presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 Far over space, to distant spheres,
The lightnings are prevailing:
Th' ungodly rise, and all their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
They shake before the Judge's throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

3 Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,
Repress thy flight too daring!
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

William Bengo Collyer, 1812.
(First stanza anon. from Benjamin Ringwald.)

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

93.

Proper Tune.

WILLIAM HORSLEY, Mus. Bac., c. 1842.



1 **I**O! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain:
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears, on earth to reign!

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air;
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth t' inherit
Take Thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come!

6 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal Throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
O, come quickly,
Everlasting God, come down!

Variation by M. Madan, 1760. From C. Wesley, 1758, and J. Cennick, 1752.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

94 a.*

"Ach! was soll ich Sünder machen."

1876.



Dies ira, dies illa.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 DAY of anger, that dread Day
Shall the Sign in Heaven display,
And the Earth in ashes lay.</p> <p>2 O what trembling shall appear,
When His coming shall be near,
Who shall all things strictly clear!</p> <p>3 When the Trumpet shall command
Through the tombs of every land
All before the Throne to stand.</p> <p>4 Death shall shrink and Nature quake,
When all creatures shall awake,
Answer to their God to make.</p> | <p>5 See the Book divinely penn'd,
In which all is found contain'd,
Whence the world shall be arraign'd!</p> <p>6 When the Judge is on His Throne,
All that's hidden shall be shown,
Nought unpublish'd or unknown!</p> <p>7 What shall I before Him say?
How shall I be safe that day,
When the righteous scarcely may?</p> <p>8 King of awful majesty,
Saving sinners graciously,
Fount of mercy, save Thou me!</p> |
|--|---|

* For Four Voices.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

94 b.*

"Ach! was soll ich Sünder machen."

From J. S. Bach's
"Choralgesänge."



- 9 Leave me not, my Saviour, one
For whose soul Thy course was run,
Lest I be that day undone.
- 10 Thou didst heal the sinner's grief,
And didst hear the dying thief:
Even I may hope relief.

- 11 Lord, Thine ear in mercy bow!
Broken is my heart and low:
Guard of my last end be Thou!
- 12 In that day, that mournful day,
When to judgment wakes our clay,
Show me mercy, Lord, I pray!

Henry Alford, 1845.

* The Melody in unison or octaves, the accompanying parts on the Organ. This and the arrangement on p. 100 may be employed for alternate verses or otherwise interchanged.

95.

Babylon Streams.

Scottish Psalter, 1615.



1 **T**HAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swell the high trump that wakes the dead:

3 O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Sir Walter Scott, 1805.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

VIII.—God the Holy Ghost.

"And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, who spake by the Prophets."

St. James.

96.

RAPHAEL COURTVILLE, c. 1680.



- 1 WHEN God of old came down from Heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.
- 2 Around the trembling mountain's base
The prostrate people lay;
A day of wrath, and not of grace;
A dim and dreadful day.
- 3 But, when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime,
Hover'd His holy Dove.
- 4 The fires, that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

- 5 Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Wing'd with the sinner's doom:
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth,
Proclaiming life to come.
- 6 And, as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep dark cloud;
- 7 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down, His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind."
- 8 Nor doth the outward ear alone
At that high warning start;
Conscience gives back th' appalling tone;
'Tis echoed in the heart.

9 Come Lord! come Wisdom, Love, and Power;
Open our ears to hear!
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

John Keble, 1827.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

97.

De Deum Patrem.

BENJAMIN ROGERS, Mus. Doc., c. 1660.

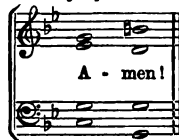


Veni Creator Spiritus.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love:

2 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes; give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come;

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of Both, to be but One:
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song,
"Praise to Thy Eternal merit,
"Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!"



Anon. (Ordination Service), 1662.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

"Jesu der du selbstest wol."

98.

Breslaur Gebethuch, 1668.



Veni Creator Spiritus.

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit, gently come,
Raise us from our fallen state,
Fix Thy everlasting home
In the hearts Thou didst create!
Gift of God most High!
Visit every troubled breast:
Light and Life and Love supply;
Give our spirits perfect rest!
- 2 Heavenly Unction from above,
Comforter of weary saints,
Fountain, Life, and Fire of Love,
Hear, and answer our complaints!
Thee we humbly pray,
Finger of the Living God,
Now Thy sevenfold grace display,
Shed our Saviour's love abroad!
- 3 Now Thy quickening influence bring,
On our spirits sweetly move;
Open every mouth to sing
Jesus' everlasting love!

- Lighten every heart;
Drive our enemies away;
Joy and peace to us impart;
Lead us in the heavenly way!
- 4 Take the things of Christ, and show
What our Lord for us hath done;
May we God the Father know
Only in and through the Son:
Nothing will we fear,
Though to wilds and deserts driven,
While we feel Thy Presence near,
Witnessing our sins forgiven.
 - 5 Glory be to God alone,
God, whose hand created all!
Glory be to God the Son,
Who redeem'd us from our fall!
To the Holy Ghost
Equal praise and glory be,
When the course of time is lost,
Lost in wide eternity!

William Hammond, 1745.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

99.

Audi Israel.

RICHARD ALLISON, 1549.



1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove;
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within mine heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.

4 Lead me to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray;
Lead me to Heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

5 Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.

6 Lead me to means of grace, where I
May own my wants, and seek supply;
Lead to Thyself, the Spring from whence
To fetch all quickening influence.

7 Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be,
Here to His family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign.

Simon Broune, 1720.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

100.

Bedford.

WILLIAM WHEALE, Mus. Bacc.



- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers!
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

101.

St. Michael.

From Day's "Psalter," 1588.



- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.
- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 5 Show us that loving Man
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of hosts, the Mighty God,
The Eternal Prince of Peace.
- 6 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 7 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee!

Joseph Hart, 1759.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

Old 50th.

102:

From Day's "Psalter," 1538.



- 1 **L**ORD God the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power!
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe:

The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

- 3 Spirit of Light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day!
Spirit of Truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide!
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

James Montgomery, 1819.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

103.

"Werbe munter mein Gemüte."

J. SCHOP, 1642.



O du allerstüte Freude. (Paul Gerhardt.)

1 **H**OLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy Life, and spread Thy
Light!
Loving Spirit, God of Peace!
Great Distributor of grace!
Rest upon this congregation,
Hear, O hear our supplication!

2 From that height which knows no
measure,
As a gracious shower descend.
Bringing down the richest treasure
Men can wish, or God can send!
O Thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us Thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation!

3 Known to Thee are all recesses
Of the earth and spreading skies;
Every sand the shore possesses
Thy Omniscient Mind describes.
Holy Fountain! wash us clean
Both from error and from sin!
Make us fly what Thou refusest,
And delight in what Thou choosest!

Variation by Augustus M. Toplady, 1776. From John Christian Jacobi, 1722.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

104.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623.



1 **H**OLY Spirit, in my breast
Grant that lively faith may rest,
And subdue each rebel thought
To believe what Thou hast taught.

2 When around my sinking soul
Gathering waves of sorrow roll,
Spirit blest, the tempest still,
And with Hope my bosom fill.

3 Holy Spirit, from my mind
Thought and wish and will unkind,
Deed and word unkind remove,
And my bosom fill with Love.

4 Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
Comforter, descend from Thee;
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
These Thy gifts to us impart;

5 Till our Faith be lost in sight,
Hope be swallowed in delight,
And Love return to dwell with Thee,
In the threefold Deity!

Bishop Richard Mant, 1837.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

105.

"Aus der Tiefen rufe ich."

M. HEINLEIN, 1877.



- 1 **F**ULL of weakness and of sin,
We look to Thee for life:
Lord, Thy gracious work begin,
And calm the inward strife!
- 2 Though our hearts are prone to stray,
Be Thou a constant Friend:
Though we know not how to pray,
Thy saving mercy send!
- 3 Let Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
Our souls with love inspire,
Strength and confidence afford,
And breathe celestial fire!
- 4 Teach us first to feel our need,
Then all that need supply;
When we hunger, deign to feed,
And hear us when we cry!
- 5 When we cleave to earthly things,
Send Thy reviving grace:
Raise our souls, and give them wings,
To reach Thy holy place!

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

106.

Old 44th.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



1 **T**HERE is a River, deep and broad,
Its course no mortal knows;
It fills with joy the Church of God,
And widens as it flows.

2 Clearer than crystal is the stream,
And bright with endless day;
The waves with every blessing teem,
And life and health convey.

3 Where'er they flow, contentions cease,
And love and meekness reign:
The Lord Himself commands the peace,
And foes conspire in vain.

4 Along the shores, angelic bands
Watch every moving wave;
With holy joy their breast expands,
When men the waters crave.

5 To them distressed souls repair,
The Lord invites them nigh;
They leave their cares and sorrows there,
They drink, and never die.

6 Flow on, sweet Stream, more largely flow,
The earth with glory fill;
Flow on, till all the Saviour know,
And all obey His will.

William Hurn, 1813.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

107.

"Die helle Sonn ist nun dahin."

S. T. STADE, 1644.



1 THERE is a Stream, which issues
forth
From God's eternal Throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream
Clear as the crystal stone.

2 The stream doth water Paradise;
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart;
Hence all my joys do spring:

3 Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

4 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis concealed,
What Thou, Lord, hast laid up for
Thine,
And hast to me revealed.

5 I see Thy face, I hear Thy voice,
I taste Thy sweetest love;
My soul doth leap: but O for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove!

6 Then should I flee far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin!
Then should my Lord put forth His hand,
And kindly take me in!

7 Then should my soul with angels feast
On joys that always last!
Blest be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taste.

John Mason, 1683.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

Old 81st.

108.

RICHARD ALLISON, 1621.



1 YE sons of earth, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground;
The Sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.

2 The seed that finds a stony soil
Shoots forth a hasty blade;
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.

3 The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hopes of harvest there;
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.

4 The beaten path and highway side
Receive the trust in vain;
The watchful birds the spoil divide,
And pick up all the grain.

5 But when the Lord of grace and power
Has bless'd the happy field,
How plenteous is the golden store
The deep-wrought furrows yield!

6 Father of mercies! we have need
Of Thy preparing grace:
Let the same Hand, that gives the seed,
Provide a fruitful place!

William Cooper, 1779.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

Doncaster.

109.



PSALM XIX.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

- 3 How perfect is Thy word!
And all Thy judgments just!
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord;
And men securely trust.

- 4 While with my heart and tongue
I spread Thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Bucklersbury.

110.

From the
"Harmonia Perfecta," 1730.



GOD THE HOLY GHOST.



PSALM XIX.

1 THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as Thy written word;
The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truth divine, and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to Thee.

2 When, taught by painful proof to know
That all is vanity below,
The sinner roams from comfort far,
And looks in vain for sun or star;
Soft gleaming then those lights divine
Through all the cheerless darkness
shine,
And sweetly to the ravish'd eye
Disclose the Day-spring from on high.

3 The heart, in sensual fetters bound,
And barren as the wintry ground,
Confesses, Lord, Thy quickening ray;
Thy word can charm the spell away;
With genial influence can beguile
The frozen wilderness to smile;
Bid living waters o'er it flow,
And all be paradise below.

4 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;
But, fix'd for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have pass'd
away.

Sir Robert Grant [1839].

IX.—The Holy Catholic Church.

"And I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church."

III.

"Nun danket all und bringet eh."

J. CRUGER, 1568.



- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.
- 3 There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.
- 4 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.
- 5 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.
- 6 Thy saints are crown'd with glory great;
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice,
Most happy is their case.
- 7 Quite through the streets, with silver
sound,
The flood of Life doth flow:
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.
- 8 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring,
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.
- 9 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Anon. "F. B. P." [1616].

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Belfast.

112.

JOHN HULLAH.



- 1 JERUSALEM on high
My song and City is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?
- 2 Thy walls, sweet City, thine,
With pearls are garnished;
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?
- 3 No sun by day shines there,
Nor moon by silent night;
Oh no! these needlss are;
The Lamb's the City's Light:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?
- 4 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judget here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give:

- O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?
- 5 The Patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The Prophets there behold
Their long'd-for Prince of Peace:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?
- 6 The Lamb's Apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The Harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?
- 7 The bleeding Martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
Clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crown'd:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

Samuel Crossman, 1864.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Bristol.

113.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Anon. [1801].

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Proper Guna.

114.

ALEXANDER EWING.



"Urbs Syon aurea, Patria lactea."

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 JERUSALEM the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppress.</p> <p>2 I know not, O I know not,
 What social joys are there;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare.</p> <p>3 They stand, those halls of Sion,
 Conjubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.</p> | <p>4 The Prince is ever in them;
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the Blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.</p> <p>5 There is the Throne of David;
 And there, from care releas'd,
 The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast.</p> <p>6 And they, who, with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.</p> |
|---|--|

John Mason Neale, 1861. From *Bernard of Morlais*.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

115.

"Christe, wares Seelenlicht."

1731.



REV. VII. 13-17.

1 **W**HAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
"Blessing, honour, glory, power,
"Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
"New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the Throne of God,
Seal'd with His Almighty Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the Throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fear;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

James Montgomery, 1819.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

116.

Commandments.

From the "Harmonia Perfecta."



REV. VII. 13-17.

- 1 **E**XALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,
With glory crown'd, in white array,
My wondering soul says, who are they?
- 2 These are the saints beloved of God,
Wash'd are their robes in Jesus' blood,
More spotless than the purest white
They shine in uncreated light.
- 3 Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross, and scorned the shame:
Within the Living Temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on Him rest.
- 4 Hunger they ne'er shall fear again,
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain:
To wells of living water led,
By God the Lamb for ever fed.
- 5 Unknown to mortal ears, they sing
The secret glories of their King:
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise?
- 6 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;
They sing the wonders of His Name;
To Him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion, and eternal praise.
- 7 Amen! they cry, to Him alone,
Who dares to fill His Father's throne;
They give Him glory, and again
Repeat His praise, and say, Amen!

Rowland Hill, 1733.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

St. Pancras.

117.

JONATHAN BATTISHILL.



- 1 (O) HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white;
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.
- 2 Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An open'd cage, to let them fly
And build their happy nest on high.
- 3 And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.
- 4 He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while;
Or, overwhelm'd with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at His feet.
- 5 Ah! Lord! with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

John Berridge, 1785.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

118.

St. Magnus.

JEREMIAH CLARKE, c. 1700.



REV. VII. 13-17.

1 **H**OW bright these glorious spirits
shine:
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light;
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb, which dwells amidst the
throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

William Cameron, 1770. (Variation from Isaac Watts, 1709.)

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

119.

"Christe, wares Eeelenlicht."

1731.



REV. VII. 13-17.

1 **P**ALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through His cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
"King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood, that made them so.

5 Who were these? on earth they dwelt;
Sinners once, of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt;
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us:
Ah! when we, like them, must die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

James Montgomery [1833].

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Austrian Hymn.

120.

JOSEPH HAYDN.



PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 **G** LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for His own abode:
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove:
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
 Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
 Never fails from age to age?

- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering;
 Showing that the Lord is near.
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night, and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna,
 Which He gives them when they pray.
- 4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I, through grace, a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy Name:
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

John Newton, 1779.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Old 137th.

121.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



1 **T**HE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

2 Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

3 The martyr, first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.

4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
knew,
And meek'd the cross and flame.

6 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

7 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

8 They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

Bishop Reginald Heber [1827].

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

122.

Sellindge.

JOHN HULLAH.



- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch; 'tis your Lord's command;
And, while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own Royal hand,
And raise that favourite servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

123.

"Zu Bethlehem ein Kindelein."

PRÆTORIUS, 1609.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife;
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun;
Behold the Christian's life!</p> <p>2 Prepared the trumpet's call to greet,
Soldier of Jesus, stand;
Pilgrim of Christ, with ready feet,
Await thy Lord's command.</p> <p>3 The hosts of Satan pant for spoil;
How can thy warfare close?
Lonely, thou tread'st a foreign soil;
How canst thou hope repose?</p> | <p>4 Seek, soldier! pilgrim! seek thine home,
Reveal'd in sacred lore;
The land, whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more:</p> <p>5 Where grief shall never wound, nor death
Disturb the Saviour's reign;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane:</p> <p>6 The land, where (suns and moons unknown,
And night's alternate sway)
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day:</p> |
|--|--|
- 7 Where founts of life their treasures yield
In streams that never cease;
Where everlasting mountains shield
Vales of eternal peace;
- 8 Where they who meet shall never part;
Where grace achieves its plan;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

Thomas Gisborne, 1803.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

124.

"Rejoice, the Lord is King."

HANDEL.



1 **H**ARK, 'tis a martial sound!
To arms, ye saints, to arms!
Your foes are gathering round,
And peace has lost its charms:
Prepare the helmet, sword, and shield;
The trumpet calls you to the field.

2 No common foes appear
To dare you to the fight,
But such as own no fear
And glory in their might:
The Powers of Darkness are at hand;
Resist, or bow to their command.

3 An arm of flesh must fail
In such a strife as this;
He only can prevail
Whose arm immortal is:
'Tis Heaven itself the strength must yield,
And weapons fit for such a field.

4 And Heaven supplies them too:
The Lord, who never faints,
Is greater than the foe,
And He is with His saints:
Thus arm'd, they venture to the fight;
Thus arm'd, they put their foes to flight.

5 And, when the conflict's past,
On yonder peaceful shore
They shall repose at last,
And see their foes no more;
The fruits of victory enjoy,
And never more their arms employ.

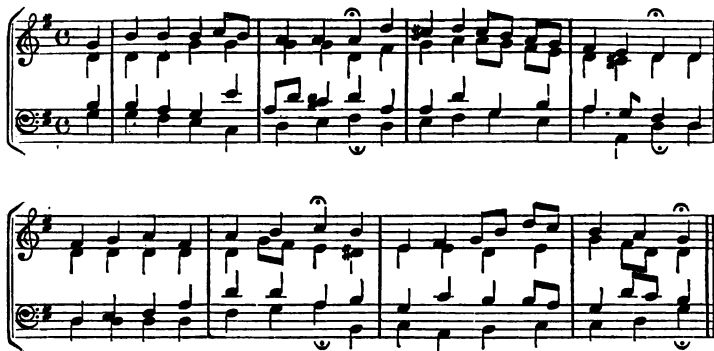
Thomas Kelly, 1809.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

125.

Morning Hymn.

BARTHELEMON.



1 O ISRAEL, to thy tents repair:
Why thus secure on hostile ground?
Thy King commands thee to beware,
For many foes thy camp surround.

2 The trumpet gives a martial strain:
O Israel, gird thee for the fight!
Arise, the combat to maintain,
And put thine enemies to flight!

3 Thou shouldst not sleep, as others do;
Awake; be vigilant; be brave;
The coward, and the sluggard too,
Must wear the fetters of the slave.

4 A nobler lot is cast for thee;
A kingdom waits thee in the skies:
With such a hope, shall Israel flee,
Or yield, through weariness, the prize?

5 No! let a careless world repose
And slumber on through life's short day,
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away!

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

126.

Nativity.

SAMUEL WEBER.



- 1 **M**UCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the Bread of Life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.
- 3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?
- 4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.
- 5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 6 Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

*Fragment by Henry Kirke White, 1806.
Completed by Fanny Fuller Maitland, 1827.*

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

127.

"Hör liebe Seel dir ruft."

J. M. DILLMEYER, 1844.



- 1 **W**E'VE no abiding city here:
This may distress the worldling's mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 We've no abiding city here:
Sad truth! were this to be our home!
But let this thought our spirits cheer;
We seek a city yet to come.
- 3 We've no abiding city here:
Then let us live as pilgrims do!
Let not the world our rest appear
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 We've no abiding city here:
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light!
- 5 Zion! Jehovah is her strength;
Secure she smiles at all her foes,
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.
- 6 O! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest!

Thomas Kelly, 1812-1836.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Mount Ephraim.

128.

MILLGROVE.



- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But favourites of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Proper Tune.

129.

JOHN HULLAH.



1 FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.

Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God!

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.

Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God!

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more:

Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God!

4 There in celestial strains
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.

Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God!

5 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransom'd there.

Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God!

6 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast!
We're journeying through the wilder-
ness,

But soon shall gain our rest!

Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God!

Thomas Kelly, 1812

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

St. Matthew.

130.

WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. Doc.



- 1 WHEN Israel, by Divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
They found, though 'twas a barren
land,
A sure resource in God.
- 2 A cloudy pillar mark'd their road,
And screen'd them from the heat;
From the hard rocks their water flow'd,
And manna was their meat.
- 3 Like them, we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse powers;
Like them, we pass a desert too;
And Israel's God is ours.

- 4 His Word a light before us spreads
By which our path we see;
His Love, a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.
- 5 Jesus, the Bread of Life, is given
To be our daily food;
We drink a wondrous stream from
Heaven,
'Tis water, wine, and blood.
- 6 Lord! 'tis enough! I ask no more,
These blessings are Divine;
I envy not the worldling's store,
If Christ and Heaven are mine.

John Newton, 1779.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

131.

Old 136th.

GOUDIMEL, 1862.



1 CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the Fathers trod;
They are happy now; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes;
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light!
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

6 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

7 Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee!

8 Seal our love, our labours end;
Let us to Thy bliss ascend;
Let us to Thy kingdom come;
Lord! we long to be at home.

John Cennick, 1742.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

132.

St. Michael.

From Day's "Psalter," 1588.



- 1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

Variation from William Hammond, 1745. By Martin Madan, 1760.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

133.

"Werde munter mein Gemüte."

From J. S. Bach's
"Choralgesänge."



1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No: the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery, 1825.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

134.

"Das walt Gott Vater und Gott Sohn."

J. S. BACH, 1736.



"Te laeta, mundi Conditor."

- 1 THOU, great Creator, art possesst,
And Thou alone, of endless rest:
To angels only it belongs
To lift to Thee their ceaseless songs.
- 2 But we must toil and toil again
With ceaseless woe and endless pain;
How then can we, in exile drear,
Lift the glad song of glory here!
- 3 Oh Thou, who wilt forgiving be
To all who truly turn to Thee,
Grant us to mourn the heavy cause
Of all our woe, Thy broken laws:
- 4 Then to such salutary grief
Let Faith and Hope bring due relief;
And we, too, soon shall be possesst
Of ceaseless songs and endless rest!

John Chandler, 1837.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

135.

Lancaster.

SAMUEL HOWARD, Mus. Doc, c. 1750.



- 1 PRAISE to the radiant Source of bliss,
Who gives the blind their sight,
And scatters round their wond'ring eyes
A flood of sacred light.
- 2 In paths unknown He leads them on
To His Divine abode,
And shows new miracles of grace
Through all the heavenly road.
- 3 The ways all rugged and perplex'd
He renders smooth and straight,
And strengthens every feeble knee
To march to Zion's gate.
- 4 Through all the path I'll sing His Name,
Till I the Mount ascend,
Where toils and storms are known no more,
And anthems never end!

Philip Doddridge [1755].

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

X.—The Communion of Saints.

"The Communion of Saints." (Apostles' Creed.)

136.

Commandments.

From the "Harmonia Perfecta," 1730.



1 WHEN Christ the Lord would come on earth,
His Messenger before Him went,
The greatest born of mortal birth,
And charged with words of deep intent.

2 The least of all that here attend
Hath honour greater far than he;
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
His Body and His Spouse are we.

3 A higher race, the sons of light,
Of water and the Spirit born;
He the last star of parting night,
And we the children of the morn.

4 And, as he boldly spake Thy word,
And joyed to hear the Bridegroom's voice,
Thus may Thy pastors teach, O Lord!
And thus Thy hearing Church rejoice!

Henry Alford, 1845.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

London New.

137.

From the Scottish Psalter, 1615.



- 1 **H**OW rich Thy favours, God of grace,
How various and Divine!
Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as Heaven they shine.
- 2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To His own Palace, where He reigns
In uncreated day.
- 3 Jesus, the Herald of His love,
Displays the radiant prize,
And shows the purchase of His Blood
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 He perfects what His hand begins,
And stone on stone He lays,
Till firm and fair the building rise
A temple to His praise.
- 5 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

Philip Doddridge [1755].

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

138.

Old 44th.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



PSALM LXXXIV.

1 **H**OW pleasant is Thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of Thy grace,
How pleasant, Lord, they be!

2 My soul doth long full sore to go
Into Thy courts abroad:
My heart and flesh cry out also
For Thee, the living God.

3 O! they be blessed, that may dwell
Within Thine house always:
For every all times Thine acts do tell,
And ever give Thee praise.

4 Yea, happy sure likewise are they,
Whose stay and strength Thou art;
Who to Thy house do mind the way,
And seek it in their heart.

5 As they go through the vale of tears,
They dig up fountains still,
That as a spring it all appears,
And Thou their pits dost fill.

6 From strength to strength they go full
fast;
No faintness there shall be;
And so the God of Gods at last
In Sion they do see.

7 For God the Lord, Light, and Defence,
Will grace and worship give;
And no good thing will He withhold
From them that purely live.

8 O Lord of hosts! that man is blest,
And happy sure is he,
That is persuaded in his breast
To trust all times in Thee.

John Hopkins ("Old Version"), 1632.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

139.

Rativity.

SAMUEL WEBER.



PSALM LXXXIV.

1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.

2 O, my spirit longs and fairs
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace!

3 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast!

4 Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

5 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:

6 On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

7 Lord! be mine this prize to win!
Guide me through a world of sin:
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place:

8 Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart!
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

140.

Old 148th.

From Playford's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1670.



PSALM LXXXIV.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

St. Clave's.

141, 142.

HUDSON.



1 **H**OW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds;
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals His awful face;
How high, how strong, their raptures
swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above;
A heaven of joy, because of love.

Anna Letitia Barbauld, 1773.

O quam juvat fratres, Deus.

1 **O** LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee;
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

2 How sweet, within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

3 O may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

4 The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More wean'd from earth, more fix'd on
Heaven.

5 Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

John Chandler, 1837.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

143.

Old 44th.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- 1 COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and Heaven, are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath cross'd the flood,
And part is crossing now.
- 3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die;

- His militant embodied host
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land.
- 4 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity:
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.
 - 5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
Oh! that we now might grasp our Guide!
Oh! that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts! the waves divide,
And land us all in Heaven!

Charles Wesley, 1759.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

144.

"Gott hat das Evangelium."

c. 1548.



1 **H**OSANNA to the Living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let Heaven, Hosanna sing.
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the
highest!

2 "Hosanna," Lord, Thine angels cry;
"Hosanna," Lord, Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the
highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the
highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the
highest!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and Heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

XI.—The Forgiveness of Sins.

"I acknowledge one Baptism for the Remission of Sins."

145.

Doncaster.



PSALM CIII.

1 **M**Y soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

146.

"Nun danket all und bringet eh."

J. CRUGER, 1658.



1 **T**H**E**RE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me:

7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other Name but Thine.

William Cowper, 1779.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

147.

Portsmouth.

From the "Harmonia Perfecta," 1730.



- 1 JESU, Thou art my Righteousness,
For all my sins were Thine;
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made Him mine.
- 2 Spotless and just in Thee I am;
I feel my sins forgiven;
I taste salvation in Thy Name,
And antedate my Heaven.
- 3 For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!
- 4 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 5 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art!
Wash me, but not my feet alone;
My hands, my head, my heart!
- 6 Th' atonement of Thy Blood apply.
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

148.

St. Bruno.

JOHN HULLAH.



1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyestrings break in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1776.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

149.

"Ins Feld geh zäle alles Gras."

1704.



1 JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, (Thy Love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,)
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

Cheshire.

150.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- 1 **W**HEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can save the sinner's wound.
- 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.
- 4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touch'd with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.
- 5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy wounded side!

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1858.

XII.—Resurrection and Eternal Life.

"And I look for the Resurrection of the dead, and the Life of the world to come. Amen."

151.

"Nicht so traurig, nicht so sehr."

From Nause's "Choralbuch," 1829.



1 **E**ARTH to earth, and dust to dust,
Lord, we own the sentence just;
Head and tongue, and hand and heart,
All in guilt have borne their part;
Righteous is the common doom,
All must moulder in the tomb.

2 Like the seed in spring-time sown,
Like the leaves in autumn strown,
Low these goodly frames must lie,
All our pomp and glory die;
Soon the Spoiler seeks his prey,
Soon he bears us all away.

3 Yet the seed, upraised again,
Clothes with green the smiling plain;
Onward as the seasons move,
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove;
And shall we forgotten lie,
Lost for ever, when we die?

4 Lord, from Nature's gloomy night
Turn we to the Gospel's light;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Thou wilt all Thy people save,
Ransom'd by Thy Blood, the just
Rise immortal from the dust.

John Hampden Gurney, 1838.

RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

152.

Angels' Song.

WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. Doc.



- 1 O GOD, Thy grace and blessing give
To us, who on Thy Name attend,
That we this mortal life may live
Regardful of our journey's end.
- 2 Teach us to know that Jesus died,
And rose again, our souls to save;
Teach us to take Him as our Guide,
Our Help from childhood to the grave.
- 3 Then shall not death with terror come,
But welcome as a bidden guest,
The herald of a better home,
The messenger of peace and rest.
- 4 And, when the awful signs appear
Of Judgment, and the Throne above,
Our hearts still fix'd, we shall not fear,
God is our trust; and God is Love.

Anon. [1833].

RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

"Uns ut ein Kindlein."

153.

1601.



- 1 WE sing His love, Who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all His saints through Him might
have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.
- 2 The saints, who now with Jesus sleep,
His own Almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day
When death itself shall die away:
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.
- 3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ His risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust, and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day!

Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

- 3 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more:
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

- 4 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display,
When all Thy saints from death shall
rise
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies!
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

Roseland Hill, 1796.

RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

154.

"Rejoice, the Lord is King."

HANDEL.



- 1 MY life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
My Lord is Life, He'll raise
My dust again, ev'n mine.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.
- 2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day:
I wake from my long sleep
And leave my bed of clay.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.
- 3 My Lord His angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound,
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

- 4 I said sometimes with tears,
Ah me! I'm loth to die!
Lord, silence Thou these fears:
My life's with Thee on high.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.
- 5 What means my trembling heart,
To be thus shy of death?
My life and I shan't part,
Though I resign my breath.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.
- 6 Then welcome, harmless grave!
By thee to heaven I'll go:
My Lord His death shall save
Me from the flames below.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

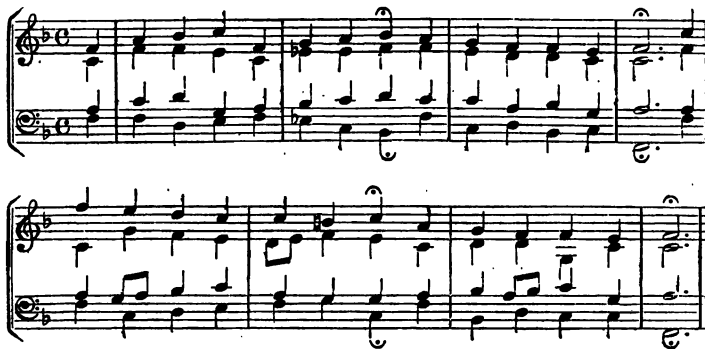
Samuel Crossman, 1664.

RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

Dundee.

155.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 WHEN langour and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away:</p> <p>2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above:</p> <p>3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In Life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own:</p> <p>4 Sweet to reflect, how Grace Divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember, that His blood
My debt of sufferings paid:</p> | <p>5 Sweet on His righteousness to stand
Which saves from second death:
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath:</p> <p>6 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend:</p> <p>7 Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust His firm decrees:
Sweet to lie passive in His hand,
And know no will but His:</p> <p>8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.</p> |
|---|--|
- 9 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the Church above,
In Jesus' Presence know!
- 10 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee!

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1777.

RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

Old 137th.

156.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all His saints He bless'd,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

157.

"Steh auf Herr Gott."

From the Hymn Book of the
Bohemian Brethren, 1563.



1 **SPIRIT!** leave thine house of clay;
Lingerling dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit! cast thy chains away!
Dust, be thou dissolved in death;
Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life He breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

2 Prisoner, long detained below;
Prisoner, now with freedom blest;
Welcome from a world of woe,
Welcome to a Land of Rest!
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust!
Grave, the treasury of the skies!
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.
Hark! the Judgment trumpet calls:
Soul, rebuild thy house of clay,
Immortality thy walls,
And Eternity thy day!

Variation [1812]. From James Montgomery, 1803.

RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

158.

Irish.

ISAAC SMITH, 1770.



- 1 THE waves of trouble, how they rise,
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.
- 2 There, to fulfil His sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.
- 3 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of His grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.
- 4 For ever His dear sacred Name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

159.

Old 44th.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land; could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains:
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.
- 4 No clouds those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

- 5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred Throne
Spreads everlasting day.
- 6 The glorious Monarch there displays
His beams of wondrous grace;
His happy subjects sing His praise,
And bow before His face.
- 7 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above!
- 8 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

Anne Steele, 1760.

RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

160.

"Die helle Sonn ist nun dahin."



1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

161.

"O fülles Gotteslamm."

c. 1714.



1 **T**H**E**RE is a blessed Home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crown'd,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious Throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond.
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side:
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Sir Henry Baker, 1861.

RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

162.

"Balet will ich der geben."

MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1613.



"Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur."

- 1 **B**RIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
- 2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
- 3 That we should look, poor wand'ers,
To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
- 4 To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace:
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
Is one eternal place.
- 5 And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground;
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin souls abound.

- 6 There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know:
- 7 And, after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.
- 8 And now we fight the battle;
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
- 9 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope:
- 10 But He, Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they who know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

John Mason Neale, 1861. From *Bernard of Morlaix*.

RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

Christmas Carol.

163.

Old English.



- 1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh! for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh! for the golden floor!
Oh! for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!
- 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!

- Oh! for a heart that never sins!
Oh! for a soul wash'd white!
Oh! for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!
- 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher:
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh! by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh! by Thy life laid down!
Oh! that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Cecil Frances Alexander [1853].

164.

Sellindge.

JOHN HULLAH.



- 1 FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!
- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

- 5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 6 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace!
- 7 Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.
- 8 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of Heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

- 1 Then, then I feel, that He,
Remember'd or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

James Montgomery, 1853.

RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

Old 81st.

165.

RICHARD ALLISON, 1621.



WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way:
The swelling flood, and raging flame,
Hear and obey His word;
Then let us triumph in His Name;
Our Saviour is the Lord!

John Newton, 1770.

RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

166.

"Herzlich vertrau du deinem Gott."

Gnadauer Choralbuch, 1735.



1 **T**HERE is an hour, when I must part
With all I hold most dear:
And life, with its best hopes, will then
As nothingness appear.

2 There is an hour, when I must lie
Low on affliction's bed,
And anguish, pain, and tears become
My bitter daily bread.

3 There is an hour, when I must sink
Beneath the stroke of death,
And yield to Him, who gave it first,
My struggling vital breath.

4 There is an hour, when I must stand
Before the Judgment-seat,
And all my sins, and all my foes,
In awful vision meet.

5 There is an hour, when I must look
On one eternity,
And nameless woe, or blissful life,
My endless portion be.

6 O Saviour, then, in all my need,
Be near, be near to me;
And let my soul, in stedfast faith,
Find life and Heaven in Thee!

Andrew Reed, 1842.

RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

York.

167.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



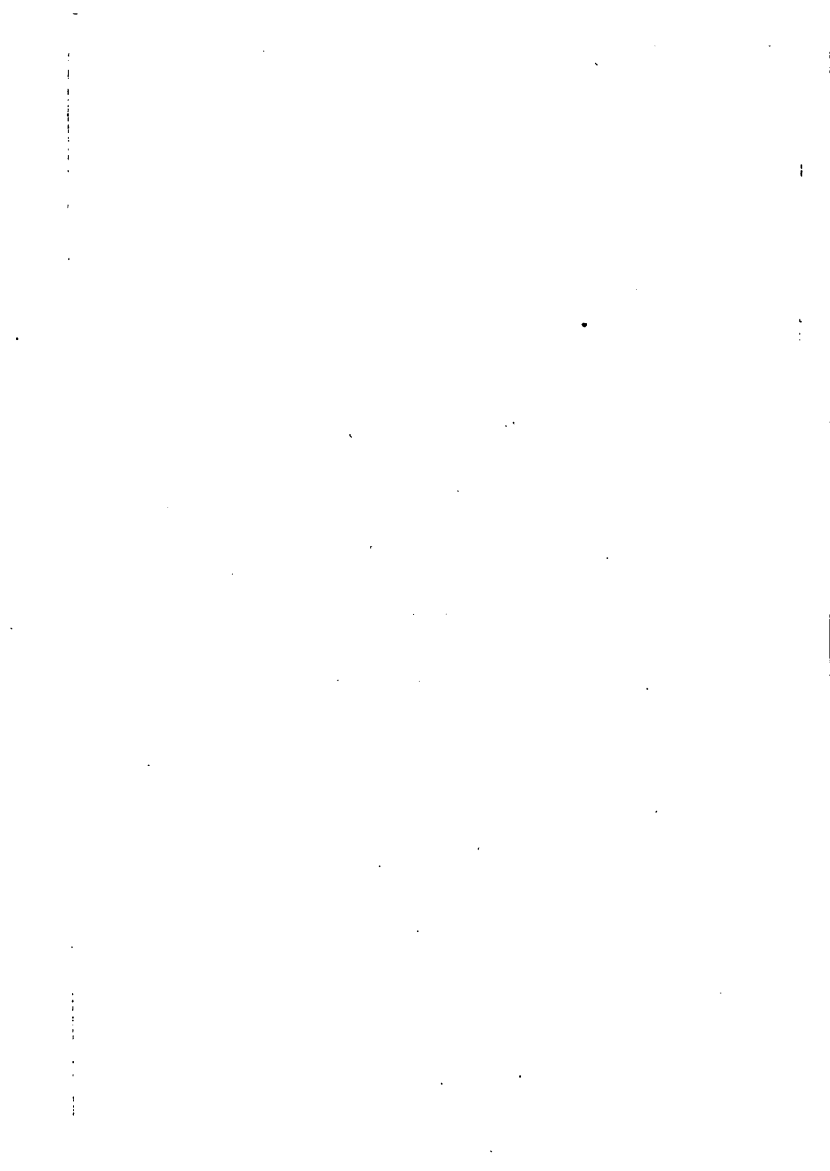
- 1 OUR God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home:
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by Thy flood,
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 Our God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come;
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PART II.

HYMNS ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE SUBJECTS
OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Lord, teach us to pray."—LUKE XI. 1.



I.—“Our Father, which art in Heaven,
Hallowed be Thy Name.”

168.

“Das alte Jahr ist nun dahin.”

MORITZ VON HESSEN, 1612.



PSALM LXIII.

- 1 O GOD, Thou art my God alone:
Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.
- 2 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy Presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 3 Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in Heaven above,
Or what on earth compared to Thee?
- 4 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice;
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

James Montgomery, 1832.

"OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN ;

Wareham.

169.

KNAPP, 1760.



PSALM CXLV.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear,
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, Thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
Vast and immortal be Thy praise!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

St. Olave's.

170.

HUDSON.



PSALM CXXXIX.

- 1 LORD, Thou hast form'd mine every part,
Mine inmost thought is known to Thee:
Each word, each feeling of my heart,
Thine ear doth hear, Thine eye can see.
- 2 Though I should seek the shades of night,
And hide myself in guilty fear,
To Thee the darkness seems as light,
The midnight as the noonday clear.
- 3 The heavens, the earth, the sea, the sky,
All own Thee ever present there;
Where'er I turn, Thou still art nigh,
Thy Spirit dwelling everywhere.
- 4 Oh may that Spirit, ever blest,
Upon my soul in radiance shine,
Till, welcomed to eternal rest,
I taste Thy Presence, Lord Divine!

Robert Allan Scott, 1839.

"*THY KINGDOM COME.*"

II.—"Thy Kingdom come."

171.

"Wo Gott zum Haus nicht gibt."

"Zwickauer Gebetbuch," 1525.



- 1 JESUS, Thy Church with longing eyes
For Thy expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?
- 2 Ev'n now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.
- 3 Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress,
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown Thy Gospel with success.
- 4 O come, and reign o'er ev'ry land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd;
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world!
- 5 Yes, Thou wilt speedily appear!
The smitten earth already reels;
And not far off we seem to hear
The thunder of Thy chariot wheels.
- 6 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us by Thy grace to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

172.

"Nun danket all und bringet ehr."

J. CRUGER, 1658.



1 **L**IGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away!

2 Come, blessed Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.

4 Lord, Lord! Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

5 Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine:
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine!

Sir Edward Denny, 1848.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

173.

Guilton.

JAMES HARRISON.



- 1 O SAVIOUR! is Thy promise fled?
Nor longer might Thy grace endure
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach the Gospel to the poor?
- 2 Come, Jesus, come! return again;
With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness!
- 3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to Heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.
- 4 Yet 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer! rest on Thee.
- 5 Come, Jesus, come! and as of yore
The prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day;
- 6 So now may grace, with heavenly shower,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come, and reap Thy harvest there!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

174.

Lancaster.

SAMUEL HOWARD, Mus. Doc., c. 1750.



- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God! Thy word is cast
Like seed upon the ground:
Oh! may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in praying souls
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But may it in converted minds
Produce the fruits of joy.
- 4 Let not Thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy Throne,
Return to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.
- 5 Great God! come down, and on Thy word
Thy mighty power bestow;
That all who hear the joyful sound
Thy saving grace may know.

John Cawood, 1816.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

St. Pancras.

175.

JONATHAN BATTISHILL.



- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race!
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, Light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations far and nigh;
The triumphs of Thy Cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery, 1825.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

176.

"Unser Herrscher unser König."

J. NEANDER, 1830.



- 1 **SPEED** Thy servants, Saviour, speed them!
Thou art Lord of winds and waves:
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them;
Now they go to free the slaves:
Be Thou with them!
Tis Thine arm alone that saves.
- 2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord! they go, at Thy command;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
O be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand.
- 3 Speed them through the mighty ocean,
In the dark and stormy day,
When the waves in wild commotion
Fill all others with dismay:
Be Thou with them!
Drive their terrors far away.
- 4 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears;
Be Thou with them!
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.
- 5 When they think of home, now dearer
Than it ever seem'd before,
Bring the promised glory nearer;
Let them see that peaceful shore,
Where Thy people
Rest from toil, and weep no more!
- 6 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again!
- 7 In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee:
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be:
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in Heaven they see;
- 8 There to reap, in joy for ever,
Fruit that grows from seed here
sown;
There to be with Him, Who never
Ceases to preserve His own,
And with triumph
Sing a Saviour's grace alone!

Thomas Kelly, 1836.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

177.

Proper Gune.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



1 THOU, Whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray:
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou, Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of Truth and Love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light!

John Marriott, 1816.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

III.—"Thy Will be done."

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven."

German Hymn.

178.

IGNAZ FLEYEL.



1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith;
Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton, 1779.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

179.

Proper Tune.

CHARLES STEGGAL, Mus. Doc.



1 **M**Y faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide!
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour! then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul!

Ray Palmer [1834].

180.

"Herr Jesu Christ, mein Lebenslicht."

"Nuremberger Gebetbuch," 1677.



PSALM CXVI.

- 1 **R**EDEEM'D from guilt, redeem'd from fears,
My soul enlarged, and dried my tears,
What can I do, O Love Divine,
What, to repay such gifts as Thine?
- 2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from Thy hands new blessings seek,
A heart to feel Thy mercies more,
A soul to know Thee, and adore?
- 3 O teach me at Thy feet to fall,
And yield Thee up myself, my all!
Before Thy saints my debts to own,
And live and die to Thee alone!
- 4 Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart,
Expand and raise and fill my heart!
So may I hope my life shall be
Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

181.

St. James.

RAPHAEL COURTVILLE, c. 1680.



PSALM CL.

- 1 LORD, when I lift my voice to Thee,
To whom all praise belongs,
Thy justice and Thy love shall be
The subject of my songs.
- 2 Let wisdom o'er my heart preside,
To lead my steps aright,
And make Thy perfect law my guide,
Thy service my delight.
- 3 All sinful ways I will abhor,
All wicked men forsake;
And only those, who love Thy law,
For my companions take.
- 4 Lord! that I may not go astray,
Thy constant grace impart:
When wilt Thou come to point my way,
And fix my roving heart?

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

182.

Welcombe.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



- 1 FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task Thy wisdom has assign'd
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thine acceptable will.
- 3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above,
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.
- 4 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.
- 5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.
- 6 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to Heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Bristol.

183.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- 1 NOW it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 If death shall bruise this springing seed
Before it come to fruit,
The will with Thee goes for the deed,
Thy life was in the root.
- 3 How much is sinful flesh my foe,
That doth my soul pervert
To linger here in sin and woe,
And steals from God my heart!
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see:
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?
- 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter, 1681.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Bristol New.

184.

SAMUEL WESLEY.



- 1 **O** THOU, who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze;
And, trembling, to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus! confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire;
And still stir up Thy gift in me:
- 4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make my sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

185, 186.

St. Lawrence.

W. H. Monk.



PSALM XXXI.

- 1 **M**Y spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love divine.
- 2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.
- 3 What'e'r events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.
- 4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

- 1 **B**LEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.
- 2 O Thou, our souls' chief hope!
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
What'e'r we need, supply.
- 3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.
- 4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

John Austin, 1668.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

187, 188.

Portsmouth.

From the "Harmonia Perfecta." 1730.



- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink from Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears,
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway!
Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

William Cowper, 1779.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy Blood,
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean:
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

"THY WILL BE DONE"

189.

St. Michael.

From Day's "Psalter," 1588.



- 1 OH what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyr'd saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.
- 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.
- 4 Lord! may that grace be ours;
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here!
- 5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live!
- 6 All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom Heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

Sir Henry Baker [1852].

"THY WILL BE DONE."

190.

"Die helle Sonn ist nun dahin."



- 1 LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for Heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
Father! Thy will be done!
- 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.
- 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heaven!

John Hampden Gurney, 1838.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

191.

Proper Tune.

JOHN HULLAH.



1 **MY** God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough
way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done!

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done!

4 Though Thou hast call'd me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine,
I have but yielded what was Thine;
Thy will be done!

5 Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say,
Thy will be done!

6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done!

7 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

192.

"Gelobet seyst du Jesu Christ."

From J. S. Bach's
"Choralgesänge."



- 1 O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee,
To Thee, my God, to Thee!
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fix'd on Thee,
On Thee, my God, on Thee!
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee,
To Thee, my God, to Thee!
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee!

Mrs. Daniel Wilson, 1830. From John Frederic Oberlin.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

193.

"Nun schlaf mein liebes Kindelein."

1573.



1 **W**HEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mix'd with flowers.

2 Lord, teach me to adore Thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow,
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.

3 And O! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

4 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

5 Let the sweet hope, that Thou art mine,
My path of life attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end!

Anne Steele, 1760.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

St. John's.

194.

From "A Supplement to
Tate and Brady's Psalms," c. 1703.



- 1 **F**ATHER of Love, our Guide and
Friend,
Oh lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won!
We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God!
- 2 If call'd, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise;

Or, if some darker lot be good,
Oh, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That makes the spirit pure!

- 3 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy
Name,
In hope, and love, and fear.
And, till in Heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise.
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now,
Accept our feeble praise!

William Josiah Irons, 1853.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

195.

Iam Lucis Orto Siders.

JOHN BISHOP, c. 1720.



- 1 **E**TERNAL Beam of Light Divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In Whom the Father's glories shine
Through earth beneath, and Heaven above:
- 2 Jesu! the weary wanderer's Rest!
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.
- 3 Thankful I take the cup from Thee.
Prepar'd and mingled by Thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.
- 4 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone:
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 5 Speak to my warring passions peace;
Say to my trembling heart, Be still:
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.
- 6 O Death, where is thy sting? where now
Thy boasted victory, O Grave?
Who shall contend with God, or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

Charles Wesley, 1740.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

St. Bride.

196.

SAMUEL HOWARD, Mus. Doc.



- 1 **THY** way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
- 4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine;
Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill;
- 6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
- 7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all!

Horatius Bonar, 1856.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Proper Tune.

197.

JOHN HULLAH.



1 **N**EARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah Flower Adams, 1848.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

198.

St. Bruno.

JOHN HULLAH.



1 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive!
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus, preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love!

John Newton, 1779.

199.

"Werde munter mein Gemüte."

From J. S. Bach's
"Choralgesänge."



PSALM CXXI.

1 JESUS, cast a look on me;
Give me sweet simplicity,
Make me poor and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know:

2 Weaned from my lordly self,
Weaned from the miser's pelf,
Weaned from the scorner's ways,
Weaned from the lust of praise.

3 All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to Thine submit;
Lay me humbly at Thy feet.

4 Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoil'd.
Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy might,

5 Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from Thy precious Blood.

6 In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give;
In this temper let me die,
And hosannas ever cry!

John Burridge, 1795.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

200.

"Nicht so traurig, nicht so sehr."

From Naeue's "Choralbuch," 1829.



1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal,
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear,
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Silent Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made,
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail,
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be
Give to Him, who gave me Thee!

Thomas Toke Lynch, 1855.

"*THY WILL BE DONE.*"

"O Love Divine."

201.

HANDEL.



MATT. v. 3-10.

- 1 **T**HERE is a dwelling-place above;
Thither, to meet the God of love,
The poor in spirit go;
There is a paradise of rest;
For contrite hearts and souls distrest
Its streams of comfort flow.
- 2 There is a goodly heritage,
Where earthly passions cease to rage;
The meek that haven gain;
There is a board, where they who pine,
Hungry, athirst, for grace divine,
May feast, nor crave again.

- 3 There is a voice to mercy true;
To them who mercy's path pursue
That voice shall bliss impart;
There is a sight from man concealed;
That sight, the face of God revealed;
Shall bless the pure in heart.
- 4 There is a name, in heaven bestow'd;
That name, which hails them sons of God,
The friends of peace shall know:
There is a kingdom in the sky,
Where they shall reign with God on high,
Who serve Him best below.

5 Lord! be it mine like them to choose
The better part, like them to use
The means Thy love hath given!
Be holiness my aim on earth,
That death be welcomed as a birth
To life and bliss in Heaven!

Bishop Richard Mant, 1828.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

202.

Malcombe.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



MATT. V. 3-10.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty;
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in Heaven.</p> <p>2 Blest are the men of broken heart
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
 The Blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all their woes.</p> <p>3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
 From rage and passion, noise and war;
 God will secure their happy state,
 And plead their cause against the great.</p> | <p>4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
 Hunger and long for righteousness;
 They shall be well supplied and fed
 With living streams and living bread.</p> <p>5 Blest are the men whose bowels move
 And melt with sympathy and love;
 From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
 Like sympathy and love again.</p> <p>6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
 From the defiling power of sin;
 With endless pleasure they shall see
 A God of spotless purity.</p> |
|---|---|
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the coals of growing strife;
 They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
 The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
 Glory and joy are their reward.

Isaac Watts, 1709

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

IV.—"Give us this Day our Daily Bread."

203.

St. Breilade.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



1 LORD of my life, whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before Thy throne I bow;
I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

2 Oh! may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow;
To Thee and to Thy glory live,
Dead to all else below;
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God!

3 With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day;
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach me how to pray!
All that I have, or am, to Thee
I offer through Eternity!

Anon. 1838.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

204, 205.

"In Betlehem ein Kindelein."

PRÆTORIUS, 1608.



1 LORD, in the day Thou art about
The paths wherein I tread;
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

2 While others in God's prisons lie,
Bound with affliction's chain,
I walk at large, secure and free
From sickness and from pain.

3 'Tis Thou dost crown my hopes and plans
With good success each day;
This crown, together with myself,
At Thy blest feet I lay.

4 O let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing
Hosanna to Thy Majesty,
And praise our heavenly King!

*Canto by John Hampden Gurney, 1838-1851.
From John Mason, 1683.*

1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine!
O let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine!

2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If Thou Thy love restrain.

3 With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent;
For Thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
Since each by Thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And Heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace!

Philip Doddridge [1755].

206.

"Werbe munter mein Gemüte."

J. SCHOP, 1642.



1 O HOW kindly hast Thou led me,
Heavenly Father, day by day!
Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me,
Furnish'd friends to cheer my way!
Didst Thou bless me, didst Thou chasten,
With Thy smile, or with Thy rod,
'Twas that still my step might hasten
Homeward, heavenward, to my God!

2 O how slowly have I often
Follow'd where Thy hand would draw!
How Thy kindness fail'd to soften!
How Thy chastening fail'd to awe!
Make me for Thy rest more ready
As Thy path is longer trod;
Keep me in Thy friendship steady,
Till Thou call me home, my God!

Thomas Grinfield, 1836.

207.

"Freuen wir uns all in ein."

M. WEISS, 1531.



1 **H** EAVENLY Father, to Whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

2 All I ask for is, enough;
Only, when the way is rough,
Let Thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

3 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father! glorify Thy Name!

4 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near,
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God.

Josiah Conder, 1837.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

St. Ann.

208.

WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. Doc.



- 1 **O** LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy Name!
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near;
A fountain, which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 5 Oh! that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil!
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!
- 6 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?
- 7 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

John Ryland, 1777.

209.

Doncaster.



- 1 **H**OW gentle God's commands,
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.
- 2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That Hand, which bears all Nature up,
Shall guide His children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day:
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge [1755].

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

210.

Fork.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- 1 () GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Variation by John Logan, 1770. From Philip Doddridge [1755].

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

St. Luke.

211.

From "A Supplement to
Tate and Brady's Psalms," c. 1703.



1 **O** KING of earth, and air, and sea!
The hungry ravens cry to Thee;
To Thee the scaly tribes, that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep:
To Thee the lions roaring call:
The common Father, kind to all:
Then grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day.

2 The fishes may for food complain,
The ravens spread their wings in vain,
The roaring lions lack and pine;
But, God, Thou carest still for Thine:

Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness;
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

3 And oh! when through the wilds we
roam,
That part us from our heavenly home;
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow;
Do Thou the gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live;
And grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

212.

Proper Gune. (Bentley.)

JOHN HULLAH.



1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He, who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1779.

213.

Morning Hymn.

BARTHELEMON.



- 1 ALL wondering on the desert ground
The hungry thousands gazed around,
While Jesus for their need display'd
The power that once the worlds had made.
- 2 Few were the words the Saviour spake;
He only bless'd the bread and brake;
The scanty loaves, the fishes few,
At His commandment ceaseless grew.
- 3 No meagre store, O Lord, have we
Of grace and blessings shower'd from Thee;
Yet in our barren hearts and dry
More scanty grows the rich supply.
- 4 On desert sands we seem to roam,
Weary, and faint, and far from home,
Though pastures green around us grow,
And Thy still waters near us flow.
- 5 Oh! with a living growth inspire,
Not Thy blest gifts, but our desire,
That we may taste Thy mercy's store,
And thirst and hunger never more!

John Ernest Bode, 1860.

214.

"Hör liebe Seel dir ruft."

J. M. DILLHEER, 1644.



- 1 JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep,
The flock for which Thou cam'st from Heaven,
The flock for which Thy life was given.
- 2 Thou saw'st them wandering far from Thee
Secure, as if from danger free;
Thy love did all their wanderings trace,
And brought them to a wealthy place.
- 3 O guard Thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And guide them that they never stray;
Cherish the young, sustain the old,
Let none be feeble in Thy fold!
- 4 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a Shepherd's eye!
- 5 Oh, may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but Thee!
- 6 Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete:
Then let Thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.

Thomas Kelly, 1804-1836.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

215.

Asylum.

WILLIAM HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.



PSALM XXIII.

1 THE Lord Himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide,
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.
In tender grass He makes me feed,
And gently there repose:
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

2 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to His endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In His most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there His aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

3 In presence of my spiteful foes
He does my table spread,
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head:
Since God doth thus His wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to Him I will devote,
And in His temple spend.

Nicholas Brady and Nahum Tate ("New Version"), 1696.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

216.

Surrey.

HENRY CARRY, c. 1730.



PSALM XXIII.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's
care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill;
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful
shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through desious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Joseph Addison, 1712.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

217.

"In Bethlehém ein Kindelein."

PRETORIUS, 1609.



PSALM XXIII.

- 1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Thy Jehovah is His Name;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake His ways,
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shade of death,
Thy presence is my stay:
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may Thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!
- 6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

218.

Mount Ephraim.

MILLGROVE.



PSALM XXIII.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?</p> <p>2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.</p> <p>3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way
For His most Holy Name.</p> | <p>4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's
dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.</p> <p>5 In spite of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.</p> <p>6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.</p> |
|--|---|

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Va—"And forgive us our Trespases."

"And forgive us our trespases; as we forgive them
that trespass against us."

219.

"Herzlich vertrau du deinem Gott."

"Gnadener Choralbuch," 1735.



1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And, though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd;
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

6 So shall His Presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

John Morrison, 1770.

"AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES."

220.

Cheshire.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!
- 5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name!

John Newton, 1779.

"AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES."

Burford.

221,

HENRY PURCELL, c. 1690,



- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,
- 3 When Thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!
- 4 But Thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.
- 5 Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late,
And add my Saviour's dying groans
To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

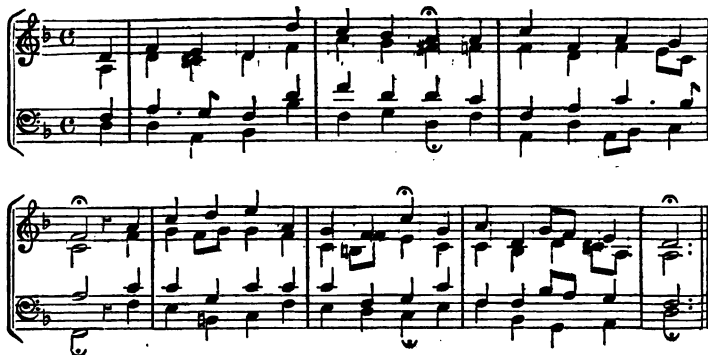
Joseph Addison, 1719.

"AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES."

222.

St. Mary.

JOHN BLOW, Mus. Doc., c. 1676.



- 1 **A**Lmighty God, Thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment-day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there,
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?
- 4 Lord! at Thy foot ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from Thy book!
- 5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let His Blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt!

Isaac Watts, 1720.

223.

"Aus der Tiefen rufe ich."

M. HEINLEIN, 1677.



PSALM CXXX.

- 1 **F**ROM the lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry:
Hearken, Lord, to my complaint,
And graciously reply!
- 2 Should'st Thou, Lord, severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But Thou dost forgive, lest we
Forsake Thee through despair.
- 3 Lo! my soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord!
All my hopes are built upon
Thy never-failing word.
- 4 Israel, in Thy God confide,
Whose mercies ne'er decay:
Flowing streams they are, to bear
And wash thy guilt away.

Nicholas Brady and Nahum Tate (Supplement to "New Version"), 1703.

224.

Salisbury.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- 1 **M**ERCY alone can meet my case;
For mercy, Lord, I cry:
Jesus! Redeemer! show Thy face
In mercy, or I die.
- 2 Save me, for none beside can save;
At Thy command I tread
With falling step life's stormy wave;
The wave goes o'er my head.
- 3 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt Thou leave me? No:
I hold Thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let Thee go!
- 4 Still sure to me Thy promise stands,
And ever must abide;
Behold it written on Thy hands,
And graven in Thy side!
- 5 To this, this only, will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
Thy word is truth, and I believe:
Have mercy, Lord, on me!

James Montgomery, 1825.

"AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES."

225.

"Nun danket all und bringet ehr."

J. CRUGER, 1658.



- 1 **O** JESUS, Saviour of the lost,
My Rock and Hiding-place,
By storms of sin and sorrow tost,
I seek Thy sheltering grace.
- 2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord! I cry;
Pursued by foes I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die!
An outcast, take me home.
- 3 Once safe in Thine Almighty arms,
Let storms come on again;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.
- 4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee!

Edward Henry Bickersteth, 1858.

226.

Babylon Streams.

Scottish Psalter, 1615.



- 1 **W**HEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.
- 2 O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.
- 3 Think, Lord, how I am still Thy own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand!
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.
- 4 O think upon Thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there!
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.
- 5 O think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace Divine:
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.
- 6 Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shorten'd be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;
Behold, and spare, and succour me!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1833.

"AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES."

227.

"Ins Feld geh züle alles Gras."

1704.



- 1 **O** THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me!
- 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far-off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me!
- 3 When I have err'd and gone astray
Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me!
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me!
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in Heaven for me!
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast wash'd them all away;
O say, Thou plead'st for me!

Charlotte Elliott [1837].

"AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES."

228.

Lincoln.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- 1 **A**s o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world, and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed,
And time unhallow'd, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, Holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast!
Thy grace it is, which prompts the prayer;
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be Thine!
And, when Thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O, speed my soul to Thee!

Bishop Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, 1822.

229.

Portsmouth.

From the "Harmonia Perfecta," 1730.



- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee!
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

William Cowper, 1779.

"AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES."

Rousseau.

230.



1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord! to Thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour! we seek Thy shelter here;
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray:
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!

2 Long have we roam'd in want and pain;
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain!
Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!

Bishop Reginald Heber [1827].

231.

"Herzlich vertrau du deinem Gott."

"Gnadauer Choralbuch," 1785.



1 O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry:
Thy mercy gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

2 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well;
Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

3 And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let Thy mercy come!

Variation by Bishop Reginald Heber [1827]. From John Mardley, 1862.

VI.—"And lead us not into Temptation; But
deliber us from Evil."

232.

Sicilian Mariners'.



1 **L**EAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy,
Thus provided,
Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1820.

233.

"Seelenbräutigam."

A. DRESE, 1898.



- 1 JESU! guide our way
To eternal day!
So shall we, no more delaying,
Follow Thee, Thy voice obeying;
Lead us by Thy hand
To our Father's land!
- 2 When we danger meet,
Steadfast make our feet!
Lord, preserve us uncomplaining
'Mid the darkness round us reigning!
Through adversity
Lies our way to Thee.
- 3 Order all our way
Through this mortal day;
In our toil with aid be near us;
In our need with succour cheer us;
When life's course is o'er,
Open Thou the door!

Arthur Tozer Russell, 1851. From *Louis, Count Zinzendorf*.

"AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

234.

Proper Tune.

J. TILLARD.



1 **S**TAR of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn Thine ear;
Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

2 Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the Tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

3 Saviour pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with Thy sign,
Take our hands in Thine,
Take our hands and come,
Lead Thy children home!

4 Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from Heaven,
From Thy glory-throne
Hear Thy very own!
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home!

Francis Turner Palgrave, 1862.

"AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

Gareham.

235.

KNAPP, 1760.



1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light;
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
O, burst these bands, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dress;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour! where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

John Wesley, 1739-1743. From the German.

"AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

236.

Russian Hymn.



1 **G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand!
Bread of Heaven! Bread of Heaven!
Feed me now and evermore!

2 Open now the crystal Fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer! Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield!

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and Hell's Destruction,
Lend me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee!

William Williams, 1774.

"AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

237.

"O mein Jesu ich muß sterben."

Geistlicher Volkslieder, 1850.



1 JESUS! lead us with Thy power
Safe unto the promised Rest;
Hide our souls within Thy bosom;
Let us slumber on Thy breast;
Feed us with the heavenly manna,
Bread that angels eat above;
Let us drink from the holy Fountain
Draughts of everlasting Love!

2 Throughout the desert wild conduct us
With a glorious pillar bright,
In the day a cooling comfort,
And a cheering fire by night;
Be our Guide in every peril,
Watch us hourly night and day;
Otherwise we'll err and wander
From Thy Spirit far away.

3 In Thy Presence we are happy;
In Thy Presence we're secure;
In Thy Presence all afflictions
We will easily endure;
In Thy Presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die;
Far from Thee, we faint and languish:
Lord, our Saviour, keep us nigh!

William Williams, 1772.

"AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

238.

St. James.

RAPHAEL COURTVILLE, c. 1690.



PSALM XXXIV.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.
- 4 O make but trial of His love!
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His Truth confide.
- 5 Fear Him, ye Saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

Nicholas Brady and Nahum Tate ("New Version"), 1696.

"AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

239.

Old 100th.



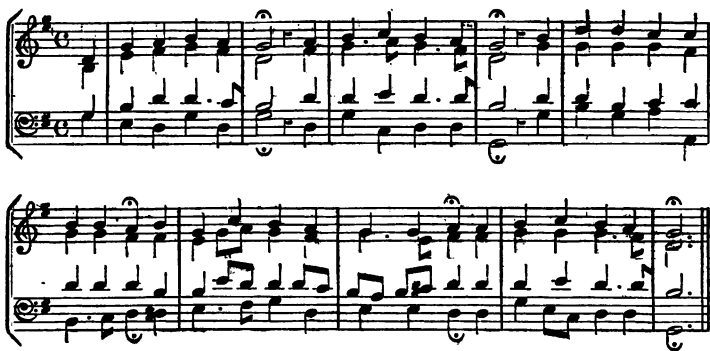
PSALM CXXI.

- 1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, He guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; His heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no power;
And, in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

240.

Mittit ad Virginem.



PSALM CXXI.

- 1 TO Heaven I lift mine eye,
To Heaven, Jehovah's throne,
For there my Saviour sits on high,
And thence shall strength and aid supply
To all He calls His own.
- 2 He will not faint nor fail,
Nor cause Thy feet to stray;
For Him no weary hours assail,
Nor evening darkness spreads her veil
O'er His eternal day.
- 3 Beneath that light divine
Securely shalt thou move;
The sun with milder beams shall shine,
And eve's still queen her lamp incline
Benignant from above.
- 4 For He, thy God and Friend,
Shall keep thy soul from harm,
In each sad scene of doubt attend,
And guide thy life, and bless thine end,
With His Almighty arm.

John Bowdler, 1814.

241.

Minster.

WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. Doc., c. 1710.



PSALM XI.

1 MY trust is in the Lord,
What foe can injure me?
Why bid me like a bird
Before the fowler flee?
The Lord is on His heavenly throne,
And He will shield and save His own.

2 The wicked may assail,
The Tempter sorely try,
All earth's foundations fail,
All nature's springs be dry;
Yet God is in His holy shrine,
And I am strong while He is mine.

3 His flock to Him is dear,
He watches them from high;
He sends them trials here
To form them for the sky;
But safely will He tend and keep
The humblest, feeblest, of His sheep.

4 His foes a season here
May triumph and prevail;
But ah! the hour is near
When all their hopes must fail;
While, like the sun, His saints shall rise,
And shine with Him above the skies.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

"BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL."

Bristol New.

242.

SAMUEL WESLEY.



- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to Thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still!"
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea
My soul still hangs her hopes on Thee;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek:
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again!

William Cowper, 1779.

243.

Manchester (New).

JOHN WAINWRIGHT, Mus. Doc.



1 **T**O Thee, my God, whose presence fills
The earth, and seas, and skies,
To Thee, whose Name, whose heart is Love,
With all my powers I rise.

2 Troubles in long succession roll;
Wave rushes upon wave;
Pity, O pity my distress!
Thy child, Thy suppliant save!

3 O bid the roaring tempest cease:
Or give me strength to bear
Whate'er Thy holy will appoints,
And save me from despair!

4 To Thee, my God, alone I look,
On Thee alone confide;
Thou never hast deceived the soul
That on Thy grace relied.

5 Though oft Thy ways are wrapt in clouds,
Mysterious and unknown,
Truth, Righteousness and Mercy stand
The pillars of Thy throne.

Thomas Gibbons, 1784.

244, 245.

St. David's.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



PSALM XLVI.

- 1 GOD is our Refuge, tried and proved,
Amid a stormy world;
We will not fear, though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurl'd.
- 2 The waves may roar, the mountains
shake,
Our comforts shall not cease;
The Lord His saints will not forsake,
The Lord will give us peace.
- 3 A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow;
It issues from His throne above,
It cheers His Church below.
- 4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake, and quell'd their powers;
The Lord of hosts is still the same;
The God of grace is ours.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1779.

246.

Lancaster.

SAMUEL HOWARD, Mus. Doc., c. 1750.



PSALM XCI.

- 1 THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
O, be that refuge mine!
- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.
- 3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.
- 4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine:
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!
- 5 A hand Almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honour'd life, a peaceful end,
And Heaven to crown it all!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

London New.

247.

From the Scottish Psalter, 1615.



- 1 **O**H, help us, Lord! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, in word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!
- 2 Oh, help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh, help us, Lord, the more!
- 3 Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still, the more the servant bath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 If strangers to Thy fold we call,
Imploping at Thy feet
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.
- 5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this:
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.
- 6 Oh, help us, Jesus, from on high!
We know no help but Thee:
Oh, help us so to live and die,
As Thine in Heaven to be!

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

248.

Bedford.

WILLIAM WHALE, Mus. Bac.



1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me!

2 When groaning on my burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me!

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way;
And ill I cannot flee:
Oh, give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me!

4 Distress with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see!
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear, and remember me!

5 If on my face, for Thy dear Name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me!

6 The hour is near; consign'd to death
I own the just decree:
"Saviour!" with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, "Remember me!"

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

"BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL."

249.

Lauda Sion Salvatorem.

13th century.



1 **W**HY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the Tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my Tower.

2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either fly or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty Shield?

3 When creature-comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

4 Though all the flocks and herds were
dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my Living Bread.

5 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

6 Though Sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of Grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my Righteousness.

7 Though faint my prayers, and cold my
love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.

8 Against me earth and hell combine;
But on my side is Power divine;
Jesus is all, and He is mine!

John Newton, 1779.

250.

"Alle Menschen müssen sterben."

From J. S. Bach's
"Choralgesänge."



- 1 JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!
- 3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo! on Thee I cast my care!

- Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!
- 4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and Holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
 - 5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within!
Thou of Life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

Charles Wesley, 1740.

"BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL."

251.

Proper Tune.

W. H. MONK.



- 1 **A** BIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me!

"BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL."

- 5 I need Thy Presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!
- 6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!
- 7 Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1847.

252.

Old 136th.

GOUDIMEL, 1562.



- 1 **N**OW may He, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep!

- 2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight,
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night!

John Newton, 1779.

"FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, THE POWER,

VII.

*"For Thine is the Kingdom, The Power, and the
Glory, For ever and ever. Amen."*

253.

"Unser Herrscher, unser König."

J. NEANDER, 1680.



NOW to Him, who loved us, gave us
Every pledge that love could give,
Freely shed His Blood to save us,
Gave His life that we might live:
Be the kingdom, and dominion,
And the glory, evermore!

Variation [1851]. From Samuel Miller Waring, 1827.

AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN."

254.

St. Andrew.

JOHN STANLEY, c. 1735.



PSALM CXVII.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue!
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PART III.

HYMNS FOR NATURAL AND SACRED SEASONS.

I.—Day and Night.

255.

Proper Tune.

BARTHELEMON.



Morning.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.</p> <p>2 Thy precious time mis-spent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.</p> <p>3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how All-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.</p> <p>4 By influence of the light Divine
Let Thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.</p> <p>5 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.</p> | <p>6 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,
I may of endless life partake!</p> <p>7 Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art;
O never then from me depart!
For, to my soul, 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.</p> <p>8 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.</p> <p>9 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.</p> <p>10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!</p> |
|---|--|

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1697-1709.

DAY AND NIGHT.

256.

Iam Lucis Orto Fidere.

JOHN BISHOP, c. 1720.



Morning.

- 1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines:
- 3 O, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way!
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze
To follow every wandering star.
- 5 Lord! Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

DAY AND NIGHT.

257.

"Herr Jesu Christ, meins Lebenslicht." "Nuremberger Gebetbuch," 1677.



Morning.

1 **O** TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely
brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of
Heaven.

4 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 We need not bid for cloister'd cell
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

6 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

7 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray!

John Keble, 1827.

DAY AND NIGHT.

258.

"Nicht so traurig, nicht so sehr."

From Naue's "Choralbuch," 1629.



Morning.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near!
Day-star, in my heart appear!

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiance Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

Charles Wesley, 1740.

DAY AND NIGHT.

St. Pancras.

259.

JONATHAN BATTISHILL.



Morning.

"Splendor Paternæ Gloria."

1 O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.

4 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

5 And Christ shall be our daily food,
Our daily drink His precious blood;
And thus the Spirit's calm excess
Shall fill our souls with holiness.

6 O hallowed be the approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray;
And faithful love our noonday light;
And hope our sunset, calm and bright!

7 O Christ! with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne:
O, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!

John Chandler, 1837. From St. Ambrose.

DAY AND NIGHT.

260.

Proper Tune.

THOMAS TALLIS, c. 1560.



Evening.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings!</p> <p>2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.</p> <p>3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed!
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day!</p> | <p>4 O may my soul on Thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake!</p> <p>5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.</p> <p>6 The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfetter'd are our minds;
O may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see!</p> |
|--|---|
- 7 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?
- 8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1697-1708.

DAY AND NIGHT.

261.

Dayland.

REV. WILLIAM JONES.



Evening.

- 1 ALL praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night;
Whose throne is darkness, in th' abyss
Of uncreated light!
- 2 Each thought and deed His piercing eyes
With strictest search survey;
The deepest shades no more disguise,
Than the full blaze of day.
- 3 Whom Thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest:
Under the shadow of Thy wings,
Shall they securely rest.
- 4 Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep;
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
For Thou dost never sleep.

Charles Wesley, 1741.

DAY AND NIGHT.

Proper Tune.

262.

MICHAEL HAYDN, c. 1790.



Evening.

- 1 **O** LORD, another day is flown;
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before Thy throne,
To bless Thy fostering hand.
- 2 And wilt Thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt; for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And, Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt deign
As we before Thee pray;
For Thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

- 4 O let Thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!
- 5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely Thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.
- 6 And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And Thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

Henry Kirke White, 1803.

* Repeat the last line of every other Stanza.

DAY AND NIGHT.

Mursley.

263.



Evening.

- 1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live!
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die!
- 4 Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark!
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

- 5 The rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordain'd to stand,
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright!
Let all do all as in Thy sight!
- 6 Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy priests their daily cross,
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss!
- 7 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin!
- 8 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store!
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

- 9 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

John Keble, 1827.

264.

Sellindge.

JOHN HULLAH.



Evening.

- 1 THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our heart's desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.
- 2 We have not reach'd that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er:
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore!

John Mason Neale, 1854.

DAY AND NIGHT.

Proper Guns.

265.

E. J. HOPKINS.



Ebening.

1 GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel guards defend us!
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us!
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This live-long night!

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie!
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us;
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high!

Bishop Reginald Heber [1827].

Second stanza by Archbishop Richard Whateley.

DAY AND NIGHT.

266.

"Liebe die du mich zum Bilde."

Darmstadt Gebetbuch, 1698.



Ebening.

1 **T**HROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us:

Now we lay us down to rest:
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be!
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,

Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in Heaven at last!

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

II.—Seed-time and Harvest.

267.

St. Olave's.

HUDSON.



1 **E**THERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring at Thy command
Embathms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores,
And winters, soften'd by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade!

5 Oh! may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

Philip Doddridge [1753].

268, 269.

"Lobt Gott ihr Christen."

N. HERMAN, 1569.



1 **F**OUNTAIN of mercy! God of love!
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence was Thine,
The plants in beauty grow;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above,
Matur'd the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From whom His blessings flow!

6 Fountain of love! our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created Nature join
In sweet harmonious praise!

Alice Flowerdew, 1811.

1 **L**ORD, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee;
And now, that spring has on us smiled
We wait on Thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that
brace,
The love that shines serene!

5 So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee, in Thy new heaven and earth,
We never may forego!

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore! Amen!

John Keble, 1857.

* Repeat the last line of each Stanza, or omit the last phrase of the Melody.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

270.

Proper Tune.

JOHN HULLAH.



1 PRAISE, O praise our God and King,
Hymns of adoration sing,
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run,
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light,
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain,
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Praise Him for our harvest-store;
He hath fill'd the garner-floor;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

8 Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let Creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One!

Str Henry Baker, 1861.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

271.

Rativity.

SAMUEL WEBER.



1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use:

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:

4 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

5 These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

8 Should Thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising ear destroy;

9 Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone!

Anna Letitia Barbauld, 1773.

272.

Proper Tune.

EDWIN GEORGE MONK, Mus. Doc.



1 **L**ORD of the harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crown'd;
Our thanks we pay
This holy day;
O let our hearts in tune be found!

2 If Spring doth wake the song of mirth;
If Summer warms the fruitful earth;
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripen'd grain;
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost
reign.

3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

4 Lord of the harvest! all is Thine!
The rains that fall, the suns that
shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound!
New, every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound!

John Hampden Gurney, 1838-1851.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

Old 117th.

273.

GOUDIMEL, 1562.



1 LORD of the harvest! once again
We thank Thee for the ripen'd grain:
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

2 The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnish'd by the King of kings:
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

3 Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task;
So shall Thine angels issue forth;
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
Playthings of sun and storm no more,
Be gather'd to their Father's store.

4 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed;
Supply our fainting spirits' need!
O Bread of Life! from day to day,
Be Thou their Comfort, Food and Stay!

Joseph Anstice [1836].

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

Moniton.

274.

EDWIN FLOOD.



1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter-storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home!
From His field shall purge away
All that doth offend, that day;
Give His Angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All are safely gather'd in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand Angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

Henry Alford, 1848.

III.—The Old and New Year.

275.

"Diz Jahr wir han nun auch erlebt."

NICOLAS SELNECKER, 1587.



1 **A** NOTHER year hath fled; renew,
 O Lord, with our days Thy love!
 Our days are evil here and few;
 We look to live above:
 We will not grieve, though day by day
 We pass from earthly joys away;
 Our joy abides in Thee;
 Our joy abides in Thee!

2 Yet, when our sins we call to mind,
 We cannot fail to grieve;
 But Thou art pitiful and kind,
 And wilt our prayer receive:

O Jesu, evermore the same,
 Our hope we rest upon Thy Name;
 Our hope abides in Thee;
 Our hope abides in Thee!

3 For all the future, Lord, prepare
 Our souls with strength Divine;
 Help us to cast on Thee our care,
 And on Thy servants shine:
 Life without Thee is dark and drear;
 Death is not death if Thou art near;
 Our life abides in Thee;
 Our life abides in Thee!

Arthur Tozer Russell, 1851.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Austrian Hymn.

276.

JOSEPH HAYDN.



1 **H**ARP, awake! tell out the story
Of our love and joy and praise;
Lute, awake! awake our glory!
Join a thankful song to raise!
Join we, brethren faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again
O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten!

2 **L**o! a theme for deepest sadness,
In ourselves with sin defiled;
Lo! a theme for holiest gladness,
In our Father reconciled!
In the dust we bend before Thee,
Lord of sinless hosts above;
Yet in lowliest joy adore Thee,
God of mercy, grace, and love!

3 **G**racious Saviour! Thou hast lengthen'd
And hast blest our mortal span,
And in our weak hearts hast strengthen'd
What Thy grace alone began!
Still, when danger shall betide us,
Be Thy warning whisper heard;
Keep us at Thy feet, and guide us
By Thy Spirit and Thy Word!

4 **L**et Thy favour and Thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin;
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace and vanquish sin!
Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven and earth and sea;
But, when heaven and earth are failing,
Saviour! we will trust in Thee!

Henry Downton [1851].

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

277.

London New.

From the Scottish Psalter, 1615.



- 1 **A** WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows Salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year!
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers, decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day!

Philip Doddridge [1755].

278.

"Werde munter mein Gemüte."

From J. S. Bach's
"Choralgesänge."



1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord! our spirits raise!
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above!

John Newton, 1770.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

279.

German Hymn.

IGNAZ PLEYEL.



- 1 **F**OR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father, and Redeemer, hear!
- 2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be Thou our stay!
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way!
- 3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head!
- 4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own!
Help, O help us to endure!
Fit us for the promised crown!
- 5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings!

Henry Downton [1851].

280.

Salisbury.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- 1 **N**OW, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known;
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone!
- 2 Help us to venture near Thy Throne,
And plead a Saviour's Name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free:
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with Thee.
- 4 Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.
- 5 And when before Thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

John Newton, 1779.

281.

Doncaster.



- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand,
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away:
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day!
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thy Almighty power
The aged and the young!
- 4 One thing demands our care:
O! be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd!
- 5 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night!

Philip Doddridge [1755].

IV.—Baptism and Confirmation.

282.

Welcombe.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



- 1 GOD of that glorious gift of grace
By which Thy people seek Thy face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near!
- 2 Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure Thou hast given
To be received and reard' for Heaven.
- 3 Lent to us for a season, we
Lend him for ever, Lord, to Thee!
Assured, that, if to Thee he live,
We gain in what we seem to give.
- 4 Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon his head!
And on his soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon his face!
- 5 Make him and keep him Thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undeild!
Possessor here of grace and love;
Inheritor of Heaven above!

John S. B. Monsell, 1857.

BAPTISM AND CONFIRMATION.

"Uns ist ein Kindlein."

283.

1801.



1 **L**ORD! may the inward grace abound
Through Thine appointed outward
sign;

A milder seal than Abraham found
Of cov'nant blessings more Divine;
Which opens glory to our view
Beyond the brightest hope he knew!

2 Type of the Spirit's living flow,
In faith we pour the hallow'd
stream;

We sign the cross upon the brow,
The solemn pledge of truth to Him,
Who shed for us His precious Blood
To seal the covenant of God.

3 Baptized into the Trinity,
Adopted children of Thy grace,
O help us, Lord, to live to Thee
A humble, pure, and faithful race!
Instruct us, sanctify, defend,
And crown with heavenly life our end!

Edward Oster, 1836.

BAPTISM AND CONFIRMATION.

284.

Dundee.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- 1 IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ Crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.
- 2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.
- 3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;
- 4 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travell'd by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;
- 5 Thus, outwardly and visibly,
We seal thee for His own:
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown!

Henry Alford, 1845.

BAPTISM AND CONFIRMATION.

285.

Guilton.

JAMES HARRISON.



- 1 O HOLY Lord, content to live
In a poor home, a lowly child,
And in subjection meek to give
Obedience to Thy mother mild;
- 2 Lead every child that bears Thy Name
To walk in Thy pure upright way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey!
- 3 O let not this world's scorching glow
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.
- 4 Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
And gently in Thy bosom bear;
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there!
- 5 So shall they, waiting here below,
Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour both with God and man.

William Walsham How [1854].

BAPTISM AND CONFIRMATION.

286.

"O du Liebe meiner Liebe."

From the
"Darmstadt Gebetbuch," 1693.



- 1 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;
- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm!
- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way:
- 4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace!

William A. Muhlenberg, 1826.

BAPTISM AND CONFIRMATION.

Lincoln.

287.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- 1 **W**HEN Jesus left His Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth;
Like us, unhonour'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.
- 2 Like Him, may we be found below
In wisdom's paths of peace;
Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Jesus pass'd by the rich and great
For men of low degree;
He sanctified our parents' state,
For poor like them was He.
- 4 Sweet were His words, and kind His look,
When mothers round Him press'd;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom bless'd.
- 5 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie!
- 6 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strew'd,
Their garments on the ground.
- 7 Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing!

James Montgomery, 1825.

288.

"Christe, wares Seelenlicht."

1731.



1 GOD of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry,
Guide, O guide our wandering feet!

2 Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy Blood divine!
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine!

4 When perplex'd in danger's snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be;
When oppress'd with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel every day;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.

6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul!
Hope, till time shall be no more!
Love, while endless ages roll!

Anon. [1841].

BAPTISM AND CONFIRMATION.

289.

"Die helle Sonn ist nun dahin."

S. T. STADE, 1644.



- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, from above
Thy feeble flock behold;
And let us never lose Thy love,
Nor wander from Thy fold.
- 2 Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away;
Thy hand is ever near,
To guide them lest they go astray,
And keep them safe from fear.
- 3 Thy tender care supports the weak,
And will not let them fall;
Then teach us, Lord, Thy praise to speak,
And on Thy Name to call!
- 4 We want Thy help, for we are frail;
Thy light, for we are blind;
Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,
To prove that Thou art kind.
- 5 Teach us the things we ought to know;
And may we find them true;
And still, in stature as we grow,
Increase in wisdom too.
- 6 Guide us through life; and when at last
We enter into rest,
Thy tender arms around us cast,
And fold us to Thy breast!

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

HOLY COMMUNION.

V.—Holy Communion.

290.

"Herzlich vertrau du deinem Gott."

"Gnadauer Choralbuch," 1735.



1 **B**LEST with the Presence of their God,
And mindful of His grace,
Long was the daily victim slain
By Israel's chosen race.

2 At length the Lamb, thus shadow'd forth,
The spotless Lamb of God,
Came to redeem our souls from death
By His atoning Blood.

3 In memory of His dying love
We keep the joyful feast,
Where every humble contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

4 The vile, the lost, to them He calls;
Ye trembling souls, appear!
The righteous in their own esteem
Find no acceptance here.

5 By faith, come take the Bread of Life,
With which your souls are fed;
The Cup, in token of My Blood,
Which is for many shed.

6 Lord! we accept Thy gracious call;
And, wondering at Thy love,
We thus anticipate, by faith,
Eternal joys above.

Thomas Cotterill, 1819. Fourth stanza from William Cowper.

HOLY COMMUNION.

291.

Rockingham.

Dr. HARRINGTON (of Bath).



1 **MY** God, and is Thy Table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood;
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly
Food!

3 Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's Bread?

4 O let Thy Table honour'd be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

5 Let crowds approach, with hearts
prepar'd;
With hearts inflam'd let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

6 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord!
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's love alone can give.

Philip Doddridge [1755].

HOLY COMMUNION.

292.

Manchester (New).

JOHN WAINWRIGHT, Mus. Doc.



- 1 O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel.
- 2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow;
The manna from above.
- 3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the Body of the Lord;
Our drink, His precious Blood.
- 4 Thus would we all Thy words obey:
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength Divine!

Edward Oster, 1836.

HOLY COMMUNION.

293.

Canterbury.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



1 **M**Y spirit longeth for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Unworthy though I be
Of so Divine a Guest.

2 Of so Divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it come from Thee.

3 Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

4 No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessed love:
O let my wish be crown'd,
And send it from above!

John Byrom, 1773.

HOLY COMMUNION.

St. Pancras.

294.

JONATHAN BATTISHILL.



PSALM XXXVI.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O LORD, Thy mercy, my sure hope,
Above the heavenly orb ascends;
Thy sacred Truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.</p> <p>2 Thy Justice like the hills remains;
Unfathomed depths Thy judgments
are:
Thy Providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is Thy care.</p> | <p>3 Since of Thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their Refuge
make,
And Saints to Thy protection trust!</p> <p>4 Such guests shall to Thy courts be led
To banquet on Thy love's repast,
And drink, as from a Fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.</p> |
|---|--|
- 5 With Thee the springs of Life remain;
Thy Presence is eternal day:
Oh let Thy saints Thy favour gain!
To upright hearts Thy Truth display!

Nicholas Brady and Nakum Tate ("New Version"), 1696.

HOLY COMMUNION.

Old 124th.

295.

From Day's "Psalter," 1588.



- Ps. xxxvi. 1 **L**ORD, when my soul her secrets doth reveal,
 All self-condemned, before Thy Throne I kneel,
 And own my thoughts unclean, my words untrue,
 Deeds nothing worth, eyes blind, and flattering too.
- 2 Oh! from this death who shall deliver me?
 Oh! from this torment whither can I flee?
 No virtue have I left, no strength within,
 Corrupt at heart, enslaved and bound in sin.
- 3 But, Lord, Thy mercy to the Heavens ascends;
 Thy faithfulness beyond the clouds extends;
 Like the strong mountains stands Thy Righteousness;
 Deep are Thy Judgments, as the vast Abyss.
- 4 Thou, excellent in Mercy, savest still
 Men and mute creatures with a Father's will:
 Under Thy gracious shadow, Good and Just,
 The children of mankind shall put their trust.
- 5 They from Thy house of plenty shall be fed,
 And drink Joy's River from the Fountain-Head;
 For Life's eternal well-spring is with Thee;
 And in Thy Light, light only shall we see.
- 6 O Lord! to the true-hearted men of love
 Still may Thy loving-kindness constant prove!
 And save Thy servant from the foot of pride:
 While Thy foes fall around, be Thou my guide!—*R. Palmer, 1865.*

* Repeat the last line of each Stanza; or omit the four bars between the asterisks.

HOLY COMMUNION.

296.

Proper Tune.

E. J. HOPKINS.



1 LORD, when before Thy throne we meet,
Thy goodness to adore,

From Heaven th' eternal mercy-seat,

On us Thy blessing pour,

And make our inmost souls to be

An habitation meet for Thee!

2 The Body for our ransom given;

The Blood in mercy shed;

With this immortal food from Heaven,

Lord! let our souls be fed!

And, as we round Thy table kneel,

Help us Thy quickening grace to feel!

3 Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh!

Accept the humble prayer,

The contrite soul's repentant sigh,

The sinner's heartfelt tear!

And let our adoration rise,

As fragrant incense, to the skies!

Anon. "T. G. N." 1838.

HOLY COMMUNION.

297.

Bristol.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



1 THOU, who hast call'd us by Thy Word
The marriage feast to share
Of Thy dear Son, our only Lord,
Thy bidden guests prepare.

2 No vain excuse we dare to make,
Thy call we do not slight;
We come unworthy; for His sake
Help us to come aright.

3 The marriage garment we require
Thyself to us impart,
And with Thy precious gifts inspire
A pure and thankful heart.

4 And Thou, to whom the Father's love
The wedding guests hast brought,
Who ever help'st from above
Those whom Thy blood has bought.

5 Lord of the feast! our coming bless,
And round our souls entwine
The garment of Thy Righteousness,
In which Thy saints shall shine.

John Ernest Bode, 1860.

HOLY COMMUNION.

298.

"Jesu! Leiden, Pein und Lob."

From J. S. Bach's
"Choralgesänge."



1 **H**ARK, my soul! it is the Lord,
"Tis thy Saviour, hear His word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
"And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
"Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
"Turn'd thy darkness into light.

2 "Can a woman's tender care
"Cease towards the child she bare?
"Yea, she may forgetful be:
"Yet will I remember thee!

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
"Higher than the heights above,
"Deeper than the depths beneath,
"Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
"When the work of grace is done;
"Partner of My Throne shalt be;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore!
Oh! for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1779.

HOLY COMMUNION.

299.

"Herr, ich habe mißgehandelt."

J. CRUGER, 1649.



- 1 JESU! who for my transgression
Didst the shameful Cross endure,
And didst there the blest possession
Of Thy joys to me insure;
May my praise be ever telling
Of Thy love, all love excelling!
- 2 Wondrous woes that brought salvation!
Wondrous grace to sinners shown!
Heaven is wrapt in contemplation
Of His love, whom men disown!
Oh my soul! wilt thou disown Him?
Wilt not thou, my heart, enthrone Him?
- 3 Who but He can bless thy weeping?
Who but He can soothe thy grief?
Only safe beneath His keeping,
Thou in Him hast sure relief;
To the cross He came to bless thee;
Let His love, my soul, possess thee.
- 4 Lord! each thought and inclination,
All my heart and will inspire,
That my soul, Thy new creation,
Thee may serve with pure desire;
Daily Thy great love reviewing,
Daily thus my sins subduing!

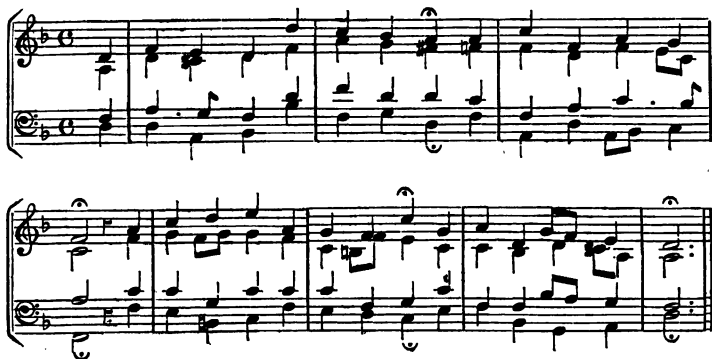
Arthur Tozer Russell, 1851.

HOLY COMMUNION.

300.

St. Mary.

JOHN BLOW, Mus. Doc., c. 1670.



1 **F**OR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Alas! from such an heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestow'd;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

William Cowper, 1779.

HOLY COMMUNION.

301.

"Hör liebe Seel dir ruft."

J. M. DILLMEER, 1844.



Jesu dulcedo cordium.

- 1 JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of Life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfill'd to Thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in All!
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still!
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

Ray Palmer [1860]. From St. Bernard.

HOLY COMMUNION.

302.

"Das walt Gott Vater und Gott Sohn."

J. S. BACH, 1736.



1 **L**ET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest!
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest!

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveil'd glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold!

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore:
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more!

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love!

Charlotte Elkhott, 1836.

HOLY COMMUNION.

303.

"Die helle Sonn leucht ist herfur."

MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1609.



- 1 **O** LORD, how little do we know,
How little of Thy Presence feel,
While we continue here below,
And in these earthly houses dwell!
- 2 When will these veils of flesh remove,
And not eclipse our sight of God?
When wilt Thou take us up above,
To see Thy face without a cloud?
- 3 Show Thy omnipotence to save!
The characters of sin efface!
Thine image on our hearts engrave,
And let us feel Thy sweet embrace!
- 4 Dart in our hearts a heavenly ray,
A ray which still may shine more bright,
Increasing to the perfect day,
Till we awake in endless light!
- 5 Then shall each Star become a Sun,
Fill'd with a lustre all Divine;
Each shall possess a radiant crown,
And to eternal ages shine.

William Hammond, 1745.

HOLY COMMUNION.

304.

St. Bruno.

JOHN HULLAH.



1 COR. XI. 26.

1 "TILL He come!" Oh! let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that, "Till He come."

2 Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper, "Till He come."

3 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb:
It is only, till He come.

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread,
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board:
Some from earth, from glory some,
Sever'd only, till He come.

Edward Henry Bickersteth [1866].

HOLY MATRIMONY.

VI.—Holy Matrimony.

305.

Bentley.

JOHN HULLAR.



- 1 THE voice that breath'd o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not pass'd away.
- 2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The three-fold grace is said:
- 3 For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break.
- 4 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this Bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierc'd side!

- 5 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands!
- 6 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel;
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal!
- 7 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them!
Let no ill Power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
The hallow'd path they trace,
- 8 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise!

John Keble, 1857.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

VII.—The Burial of the Dead.

306.

Proper Tune.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



1 THOU God of Love! beneath Thy sheltering wings
We leave our holy dead,
To rest in hope! From this world's sufferings
Their souls have fled!

2 Oh! when our hearts are burthen'd with the weight
Of life, and all its woes,
Let us remember them, and calmly wait,
To our life's close!

Miss J. E. Browne, 1849.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Old 137th.

307.

From Ravenscroft's
"Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621.



- 1 **M**UST friends and kindred droop and die,
And helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone?
- 2 Be Thou our comfort, mighty God!
Our Helper and our Friend!
Nor leave us, in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.

- 3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led;
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead!

- 4 Let us be wean'd from all below;
Let hope our grief expel;
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

308.

St. Magnus.

JEREMIAH CLARKE, c. 1700.



- 1 **N**OW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?
- 2 **W**hat though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?
- 3 **T**hough earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue:
- 4 **T**h' Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and His voice
Still animates our heart.
- 5 **L**o, I am with you! saith the Lord;
My Church shall safe-abide:
For I will ne'er forsake My own,
Whose souls in Me confide.
- 6 **T**hrough every scene, of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song
When we are cold in dust.

Philip Doddridge [1755].

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Proper Tune.

309.

(In Memoriam G. W.)

JOSEPH BARNBY.



- 1 THOU art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
 The Saviour hath pass'd through its portal before thee,
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom!
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
 But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died!
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave: and, its mansion forsaking,
 Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
 But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
 And the sound which thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song!
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee;
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide!
 * He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

Bishop Reginald Heber [1827].

* Omit the first crotchet in singing the first and last verses.

VIII.—Church Dedication.

310.

"Alle Menschen müssen sterben."

From J. S. Bach's
"Choralgesänge."



1 LORD of hosts! to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer!

2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy Word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest!

3 Here to Thee a temple stand
While the sea shall gird the land!
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure!

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply!
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end!

James Montgomery, 1825.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

Bedford.

311.

WILLIAM WHEALE, Mus. Bac.



- 1 **O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust, Thou art!
Send down a coal of heavenly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear,
Thy Presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 3 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
- 4 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord, dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 5 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
- 6 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 7 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

John Newton, 1779.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

312.

Welcombe.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



- 1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.
- 6 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!

William Cowper, 1779.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

313.

"Her Gott, ich ruf zu Dir."

J. H. SCHUB, 1637.



Angulare Fundamentum.

1 CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of Heaven are fill'd:
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallow'd courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long
That glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour!

4 Here may we gain from Heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are call'd away!

John Chandler, 1837.

IX.—The Lord's Day.

314.

"I praised the Earth."

JOHN HULLAH.



1 THE day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear;
The silver trumpets seem to sound,
That call the tribes of Israel near;
Ye people all,
Obey the call,
And in Jehovah's courts appear.

2 Obedient to Thy summons, Lord,
We to Thy sanctuary come;
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send Thy people joyful home;
Of Thee our King
O may we sing,
And none with such a theme be dumb!

3 O hasten, Lord, the day when those
Who know Thee here shall see Thy face;
When suffering shall for ever cease,
And they shall reach their destined place;
Then shall they rest
Supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to Thy grace!

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

THE LORD'S DAY.

Mount Ephraim.

315.

MILLGROVE.



- 1 SING to the Lord, our might,
With holy fervour sing;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.
- 2 This is His holy house,
And this His festal day,
When He accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.
- 3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to Heaven.
- 4 We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near His fold,
To pity and to bless.
- 5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for Him to fill;
And He, that Israel then supplied,
Will help His Israel still.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834-1841.

THE LORD'S DAY.

316.

"Sinners, obey the Gospel Word."

HANDEL.



- 1 **L**ORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God!

Philip Doddridge [1735].

317.

"Nicht so traurig, nicht so sehr."

From Naue's "Choralbuch," 1829.



1 GREAT Creator! who this day
From Thy perfect work didst rest;
By the souls that own Thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day giv'n to Heaven alone!

2 Saviour! who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb;
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom:
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee!

3 Blessed Spirit! Comforter!
Sent this day from Christ on high;
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify!
All Thine influence shed abroad,
Lead me to the truth of God!

4 Soon, too soon, the sweet repose
Of this day of God will cease!
Soon this glimpse of Heaven will close,
Vanish soon the hours of peace;
Soon return the toil, the strife,
All the weariness of life.

5 But the rest which yet remains
For Thy people, Lord, above,
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,
Endless as their Saviour's love:
O may every Sabbath here
Bring us to that rest more near!

Julia Anne Elliott, 1833.

THE LORD'S DAY.

St. Clave's.

318.

HUDSON.



PSALM XCII.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks
and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.</p> <p>2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!</p> <p>3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!</p> | <p>4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
Like brutes they live, like brutes they
die;
Like grass they flourish, till Thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.</p> <p>5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.</p> <p>6 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.</p> |
|---|---|
- 7 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wish'd below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

THE LORD'S DAY.

319.

"Freuen wir uns all in ein."

M. WEISS, 1531.



- 1 **E**RE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord! our song ascends to Thee;
At Thy feet we bow the knee.
- 2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of Heaven!
- 3 Cold our services have been;
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But 'Thou canst and wilt forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live!
- 4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last!
- 5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend,
To the rest which knows no end!

Anon. [1833].

THE LORD'S DAY.

Proper Tune.

320.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



1 OF Thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless Thy word which has been spoken;
Life and peace on all bestow!
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with Thee remain:
O direct us
And protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where Thy people want no more!

Thomas Kelly, 1804.



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71	Hail, Thou once despised Jesus . . .	O Du Liebe meiner Liebe	viii. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.
81	Hail, to the Lord's Anointed	Valet will ich dirgeben .	viii. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.
12	Happy the man, whose hopes rely . .	Eastcheap	vi. 8,8,8,8,8,8.
298	Hark, my soul! it is the Lord	Jesu! Leiden, Pein und Tod	viii. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7.
39	Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour . .	Portsmouth	iv. C.M.
30	Hark! the herald angels sing	Proper Tune	viii. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7.
124	Hark, 'tis a martial sound	Rejoice the Lord is King	vi. 6,6,6,6,8,8.
276	Harp, awake! tell out the story . . .	Austrian Hymn . . .	vii. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.
207	Heavenly Father, to Whose eye . . .	Freuen wir uns all in ein	iv. 7,7,7,7.

I N D E X.

<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>First Line.</i>	<i>Tune.</i>	<i>Metre.</i>
78	He, Who on earth as man was known	Lancaster	iv. C.M.
103	Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness . . .	Werde munter mein Gemüte	viii. 8,7,8,7,7,8,8.
3	Holy, holy, holy, Lord	Steh auf Herr Gott	viii. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7.
1	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	Proper Tune	iv. 11,12,12,10.
98	Holy Spirit, gently come	Jesu der Du selbst wöl	viii. 7,7,7,8,7,7,7.
104	Holy Spirit, in my breast	Orlando Gibbons	iv. 7,7,7,7.
80	Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn . . .	Fortsmouth	iv. C.M.
144	Hosanna to the Living Lord	Gott hat das Evange- lium	v. 8,8,8,11.
141	How blest the sacred tie that binds . .	St. Olave's	iv. L.M.
118	How bright these glorious spirits . . .	Old 44th	viii. C.M.
209	How gentle God's commands	Doncaster	iv. S.M.
138	How pleasant is Thy dwelling-place . .	Old 44th	viii. C.M.
137	How rich Thy favours, God of grace . .	London New	iv. C.M.
44	How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds . .	Irish	iv. C.M.
6	I give immortal praise	Minster	vi. 8,8,8,8,8.
284	In token that thou shalt not fear . . .	Dundee	iv. C.M.
15	I praised the earth, in beauty seen . . .	Proper Tune	iv. 8,8,8,8,8.
18	I sing th' almighty power of God . . .	Belgrave	iv. C.M.
34	It came upon the midnight clear . . .	Old 81st	viii. C.M.
111	Jerusalem, my happy home	Nun danket alle Gott	iv. C.M.
113	Jerusalem, my happy home	Bristol	iv. C.M.
112	Jerusalem on high	Belfast	viii. 6,6,6,4,4,4,4.
114	Jerusalem the golden	Proper Tune	viii. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.
233	Jesu! guide our way	Seelenbräutigam	vi. 5,5,8,8,5,5.
250	Jesu, lover of my soul	Alle Menschen	viii. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7.
147	Jesu, Thou art my Righteousness . . .	London New	iv. C.M.
209	Jesu! who for my transgression . . .	Herr, ich habe misge- handelt	vi. 8,7,8,7,8,8.
199	Jesus, cast a look on me	Jesu, meiner Seelen wonne	viii. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7.
61	Jesus Christ is risen to-day	Proper Tune	viii. 6,4,6,4,6,4,6,4.
237	Jesus! lead us with Thy power	O mein Jesu, ich muss sterben	viii. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.
82	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun . . .	Audi Israel	iv. L.M.
214	Jesus, the Shepherd of the sheep . . .	Hör, liebe Seel dir ruft der Herr	iv. L.M.
301	Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts . . .	Hör, liebe Seel dir ruft der Herr	iv. L.M.
171	Jesus, Thy Church with longing eyes . .	Wo Gott zum Haus nicht gibt	iv. L.M.
312	Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	Melcombe	iv. L.M.
74	Join all the glorious names	Old 148th	iv. 6,6,6,6,8,8.
41	Joy to the world, the Lord is come . . .	Manchester New	iv. C.M.
149	Just as I am, without one plea	Ins Feld geh zäle alles Gras	iv. 8,8,8,6.
232	Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us . . .	Sicilian Mariners'	vii. 8,7,8,7,4,4,7.
302	Let me be with Thee where Thou art . .	Das walt Gott Vater und Gott Sohn	iv. L.M.
172	Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart . . .	Nun danket all	iv. C.M.
40	Lo! He comes! let all adore Him . . .	Advent New	vi. 8,7,8,7,7,7.
93	Lo! He comes with clouds descending . .	Proper Tune	vi. 8,7,8,7,7,7.
59	Lo! the day the Lord hath made . . .	Werde munter mein Gemüte	viii. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7.
190	Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee . . .	Die helle Sonn ist nun dahin	iv. C.M.
102	Lord God, the Holy Ghost	Old 50th	viii. S.M.

I N D E X.

<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>First Line.</i>	<i>Tune.</i>	<i>Metre.</i>
204	Lord, in the day Thou art about . . .	In Betlehem ein Kin- delein . . .	iv. C.M.
269	Lord, in Thy name Thy servants plead	Lobt Gott ihr Christen alle gleich . . .	iv. C.M.
48	Lord Jesu, when we stand afar . . .	Jam lucis orto sidere . . .	iv. L.M.
283	Lord, may the inward grace abound . .	Uns ist ein Kindlein heut geboren . . .	vi. 8,8,8,8,8.
310	Lord of hosts! to Thee we raise . . .	Alle Menschen . . .	viii. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7.
70	Lord of mercy and of might . . .	Da Christus geboren war . . .	iv. 7,7,7,5.
208	Lord of my life, whose tender care . .	St. Brelade . . .	vi. 8,6,8,6,8,8.
273	Lord of the harvest! once again . . .	Old 117th . . .	vi. 8,8,8,8,8,8.
272	Lord of the harvest! Thee we hail . .	Proper Tune . . .	vii. 8,8,8,8,4,4,8.
316	Lord of the Sabbath! hear our vows .	Simmers, obey . . .	iv. L.M.
140	Lord of the worlds above . . .	Old 148th . . .	viii. 6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4.
170	Lord, Thou hast formed mine every .	St. Olave's . . .	iv. L.M.
296	Lord, when before Thy throne . . .	Proper Tune . . .	vi. 8,6,8,6,8,8.
181	Lord, when I lift my voice to Thee .	St. James . . .	iv. C.M.
295	Lord, when my soul her secrets . . .	Old 124th . . .	iv. 10,10,10,10.
224	Mercy alone can meet my case . . .	Salisbury . . .	iv. C.M.
62	Morning lifts her dewy veil . . .	Christmas Carol . . .	viii. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.
126	Much in sorrow, oft in woe . . .	Nativity . . .	iv. 7,7,7,7.
307	Must friends and kindred droop . . .	Old 137th . . .	viii. C.M.
179	My faith looks up to Thee . . .	Proper Tune . . .	vii. 6,6,4,6,6,4.
191	My God and Father, while I stray .	Proper Tune . . .	iv. 8,8,8,4.
291	My God and is Thy table spread . .	Rockingham . . .	iv. L.M.
169	My God, my King, Thy various praise	Wareham . . .	iv. L.M.
154	My life's a shade, my days . . .	Rejoice, the Lord is King .	viii. 6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4.
217	My Shepherd will supply my need . .	In Betlehem ein Kin- delein . . .	iv. C.M.
145	My soul, repeat His praise . . .	Doncaster . . .	iv. S.M.
293	My spirit longeth for Thee . . .	Canterbury . . .	iv. 6,6,6,6.
183	My spirit on Thy care . . .	St. Lawrence . . .	iv. S.M.
241	My trust is in the Lord . . .	Minster . . .	vi. 6,6,6,6,8,8.
197	Nearer, my God, to Thee . . .	Proper Tune . . .	vii. 6,4,6,4,6,6,4.
49	Not all the blood of beasts . . .	Sellindge . . .	iv. S.M.
11	Not unto us, Almighty Lord . . .	Wareham . . .	iv. L.M.
280	Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal	Salisbury . . .	iv. C.M.
75	Now is the hour of darkness past . .	Jam lucis orto sidere .	iv. L.M.
183	Now it belongs not to my care . . .	Bristol . . .	iv. C.M.
308	Now let our mourning hearts revive .	St. Magnus . . .	iv. C.M.
52	Now let us join with hearts . . .	Morning Hymn . . .	iv. L.M.
252	Now may He, who from the dead . .	Old 136th . . .	iv. 7,7,7,7.
253	Now to Him, Who loved us, gave us .	Unser Herscher, un- ser König . . .	vi. 8,7,8,7,8,7.
229	O for a closer walk with God . . .	Portsmouth . . .	iv. C.M.
183	O for a heart to praise my God . . .	Portsmouth . . .	iv. C.M.
43	O for a thousand tongues to sing . .	St. David's . . .	iv. C.M.
320	O Thy love some gracious token . .	Proper Tune . . .	x. 8,7,8,7,7,4,4,7,7.
56	O God, my strength and fortitude . .	St. Ann . . .	iv. C.M.
210	O God of Bethel, by whose hand . .	York . . .	iv. C.M.
168	O God, Thou art my God alone . . .	Das alte Jahr ist nun dahin . . .	iv. L.M.
152	O God, Thy grace and blessing give .	Angels' Song . . .	iv. L.M.
292	O God, unseen, yet ever near . . .	Manchester New . . .	iv. C.M.
117	O happy saints, who dwell in light .	St. Pancras . . .	iv. L.M.
247	O help us, Lord! each hour of need .	London New . . .	iv. C.M.
285	O Holy Lord, content to live . . .	Guilton . . .	iv. L.M.
87	O house of Jacob, come . . .	Old 148th . . .	vi. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

I N D E X.

<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>First Line.</i>	<i>Tune.</i>	<i>Metre.</i>
206	O how kindly hast Thou led me . . .	Werde munter mein Gemüte . . .	viii. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.
189	Oh what, if we are Christ's . . .	St. Michael . . .	iv. S.M.
125	O Israel, to thy tents repair . . .	Morning Hymn . . .	iv. L.M.
259	O Jesu! Lord of heavenly grace . . .	St. Pancras . . .	iv. L.M.
225	O Jesus, Saviour of the lost . . .	Nun danket all und bringet ehr . . .	iv. C.M.
211	O King of earth, and air, and sea . . .	St. Luke . . .	viii. L.M.
7	O King of kings, before whose throne . . .	St. Margaret . . .	vi. 8,8,8,8,8.
263	O Lord, another day is flown . . .	Proper Tune . . .	viii. C.M.
142	O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see . . .	St. Olave's . . .	iv. L.M.
303	O Lord, how little do we know . . .	Die helle Sonn leucht ist herfür . . .	iv. L.M.
208	O Lord, I would delight in Thee . . .	St. Ann . . .	iv. C.M.
187	O Lord, my best desire fulfil . . .	Portsmouth . . .	iv. C.M.
10	O Lord, our God, how wonderful . . .	Bristol . . .	iv. C.M.
311	O Lord, our languid souls inspire . . .	Bedford . . .	iv. C.M.
192	O Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart . . .	Gelobet seist Du Jesu Christ . . .	v. 8,8,8,8.
294	O Lord, Thy mercy, my sure hope . . .	St. Pancras . . .	iv. L.M.
231	O Lord, turn not Thy face away . . .	Herzlich vertrau du deinem Gott . . .	viii. C.M.
73	One there is, above all others . . .	Advent New . . .	vi. 8,8,8,8,8.
16	On God the race of man depends . . .	Die helle Sonn leucht ist herfür . . .	iv. L.M.
86	On the mountain's top appearing . . .	Berwick . . .	vi. 8,7,8,7,4,7.
173	O Saviour! is Thy promise fled . . .	Gulston . . .	iv. L.M.
54	O Saviour, may we never rest . . .	Abridge . . .	iv. C.M.
175	O Spirit of the living God . . .	St. Pancras . . .	iv. L.M.
248	O Thou, from whom all goodness . . .	Bedford . . .	iv. C.M.
227	O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend . . .	Ins Feld geh zäle alles Gras . . .	iv. L.M.
235	O Thou, to whose all-searching sight . . .	Wareham . . .	iv. L.M.
184	O Thou, who camest from above . . .	Bristol New . . .	iv. L.M.
257	O timely happy, timely wise . . .	Herr Jesu Christ meins Lebenslicht . . .	iv. L.M.
167	Our God, our Help in ages past . . .	York . . .	iv. C.M.
20	Our praise Thou need'st not . . .	Abridge . . .	iv. C.M.
21	O worship the King . . .	Hanover . . .	viii. 5,5,5,5,5,5,5,5.
119	Palms of glory, raiment bright . . .	Christe wares Seelenlicht . . .	viii. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7.
139	Pleasant are Thy courts above . . .	Nativity . . .	iv. 7,7,7,7.
50	Plunged in a gulf of dark despair . . .	Dundee . . .	iv. C.M.
23	Praise, my soul, the King of heaven . . .	Ruhet wol, ihr Toten-beine . . .	vi. 8,7,8,7,4,7.
270	Praise, O praise, our God and King . . .	Proper Tune . . .	iv. 7,7,7,7.
23	Praise the Lord, His glories show . . .	Alle Menschen müssen sterben . . .	viii. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7.
24	Praise the Lord of Heaven, praise . . .	Wem in Liedestagen . . .	iv. 12,12,12,12.
271	Praise to God, immortal praise . . .	Nativity . . .	iv. 7,7,7,7.
135	Praise to the radiant Source of bliss . . .	Lancaster . . .	iv. C.M.
198	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart . . .	St. Bruno . . .	vi. 7,7,7,7,7,7.
180	Redeem'd from guilt, redeem'd from . . .	Herr Jesu Christ meins Lebenslicht . . .	iv. L.M.
76	Rejoice, the Lord is King . . .	Proper Tune . . .	vi. 6,8,8,8,8,8.
148	Rock of Ages, cleft for me . . .	St. Bruno . . .	iv. 7,7,7,7,7,7.
2	Round the Lord, in glory seated . . .	Kinge recht wenn Gottes-Gnade . . .	iv. 8,7,8,7.

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<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>First Line.</i>	<i>Tune.</i>	<i>Metre.</i>
64	Salvation! oh! the joyful sound . . .	Asylum	iv. C.M.
55	Saviour, I lift my trembling eyes . . .	Sinners obey	iv. L.M.
72	Saviour, when in dust to Thee . . .	Jesu! Lieder	viii. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7.
286	Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding . .	O Du Liebe meiner Liebe	viii. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.
90	See, the ransomed millions stand . . .	Hark the Herald Angels	viii. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7.
289	Shepherd of Israel, from above . . .	Die helle Sonn ist nun dahin	iv. C.M.
205	Shine on our souls, eternal God . . .	In Betlehem ein Kin- delein	iv. C.M.
315	Sing to the Lord, our might	Mount Ephraim	iv. S.M.
212	Sometimes a light surprises	Bentley	viii. 7,8,7,6,7,6,7,8.
133	Songs of praise the angels sang . . .	Werde munter mein Gemüte	viii. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7.
176	Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed . .	Unser Herscher, unser König	vii. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.
187	Spirit! leave thine house of clay . . .	Steh auf Herr Gott	viii. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7.
234	Star of morn and even	Proper Tune	vi. 6,6,5,5,5,5.
293	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear . .	Hursley	iv. L.M.
318	Sweet is the work, my God, my King . .	St. Olave's	iv. L.M.
67	Take pity for Thy promise' sake . . .	Salisbury	iv. C.M.
95	That day of wrath, that dreadful day .	Babylon Streams	iv. L.M.
242	The billows swell, the winds are high .	Bristol New	iv. L.M.
314	The day of rest once more comes . . .	I praised the earth	vii. 8,8,8,8,4,8.
284	The day, O Lord, is spent	Selindge	iv. S.M.
65	The foe behind, the deep before . . .	Proper Tune	Irregular.
79	The Head that once was crown'd . . .	Nayland	iv. C.M.
215	The Lord himself, the mighty Lord . .	Asylum	iv. C.M.
77	The Lord is King! lift up thy voice . .	Winchester New	iv. L.M.
216	The Lord my pasture shall prepare . .	Surrey	vi. 8,8,8,8,8,8.
218	The Lord my Shepherd is	Mount Ephraim	iv. S.M.
88	The Lord of Might from Sinai's brow .	Du Lebensbrot Herr Jesu Christ	vii. 8,7,8,7,8,8,7.
35	The race that long in darkness pined .	London New	iv. C.M.
163	The roseate hues of early dawn . . .	Christmas Carol	viii. C.M.
32	The scene around me disappears . . .	Christo, dem Herrn sei Lob	vii. 8,7,8,7,8,8,7.
121	The Son of God goes forth to war . . .	Old 137th	viii. C.M.
68	The Son of God! the Lord of Life . . .	Old 137th	viii. C.M.
13	The spacious firmament on high . . .	Bucklersbury	viii. L.M.
26	The strain upraise of joy and praise . .	Proper Tune	Irregular.
306	The voice that breath'd o'er Eden . . .	Bentley	viii. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.
158	The waves of trouble, how they rise . .	Irish	iv. C.M.
5	Thee we adore, eternal Lord	St. Andrew	iv. L.M.
161	There is a blessed Home	O stilltes Gotteslamm	viii. 6,6,6,6,6,6,6,6.
14	There is a book, who runs may read . .	Dundee	iv. C.M.
201	There is a dwelling-place above . . .	O Love Divine	vi. 8,8,8,8,6.
146	There is a fountain fill'd with blood . .	Nun danket alle Gott	iv. C.M.
160	There is a land of pure delight	Die helle Sonn ist nun dahin	iv. C.M.
166	There is an hour, when I must part . .	Herzlich vertrau du deinem Gott	viii. C.M.
106	There is a river, deep and broad . . .	Old 44th	viii. C.M.
246	There is a safe and secret place . . .	Lancaster	iv. C.M.
107	There is a Stream, which issues forth .	Die helle Sonn ist nun dahin	iv. C.M.
309	Thou art gone to the grave	Proper Tune	iv. 13,11,13,11.
66	Thou art gone up on high	Old 25th	viii. S.M.
306	Thou God of Love! beneath Thy . . .	Proper Tune	iv. 10,6,10,6.

I N D E X.

<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>First Line.</i>	<i>Tune.</i>	<i>Metre.</i>
134	Thou, great Creator, art possess . .	Das walt Gott Vater und Gott Sohn . .	iv. L.M.
91	Thou Judge of quick and dead . . .	Old 25th	viii. S.M.
67	Thou, who didst stoop below	Proper Tune	vi. 6,6,10,6,8,10.
297	Thou, who hast call'd us by Thy Word	Bristol	iv. C.M.
177	Thou, whose Almighty Word	Proper Tune	vii. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.
238	Through all the changing scenes . .	St. James	iv. C.M.
266	Through the day Thy love hath spared	Liebe die du mich zum Bilde	vi. 8,7,8,7,7,7.
42	Thus saith God of His Anointed . .	'Gainst what foemen . .	vi. 8,7,8,7,4,7.
17	Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess	Bedford	iv. C.M.
198	Thy way, not mine, O Lord	St. Bride	iv. S.M.
304	"Till He come!" Oh! let the words .	St. Bruno	vi. 7,7,7,7,7,7.
28	'Tis come, the time so oft foretold .	Herr Jesu Christ war Mensch und Gott . .	vi. 8,8,8,8,8,8.
240	To heaven I lift mine eye	Mittel ad Virginem .	v. 6,6,8,8,6.
68	To Him, who for our sins was slain .	Geh aus mein Herz .	iv. 8,8,6,8,8,6.
281	To-morrow, Lord, is Thine	Doncaster	iv. S.M.
243	To thee, my God, Whose presence fills	Winchester New . .	iv. L.M.
239	Up to the hills I lift mine eyes . .	Old 100th	iv. L.M.
31	We'll sing in spite of scorn	Rejoice, the Lord . .	vi. 6,6,6,6,8,8.
165	We seek a rest beyond the skies . .	Old 81st	viii. C.M.
153	We sing His love, Who once was slain	Uns ist ein Kindlein heut geboren	vi. 8,8,8,8,8,8.
47	We sing the praise of Him who died .	Jam lucis orto sidere .	iv. L.M.
127	We've no abiding city here	Hör liebe Seel dir ruft	iv. L.M.
115	What are these in bright array . . .	Christe wares Seelen- licht	viii. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7.
226	When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend .	Babylon Streams . .	iv. L.M.
89	When came in flesh th' Incarnate . .	Lincoln	iv. C.M.
136	When Christ the Lord would come . .	Commandments . . .	iv. L.M.
96	When God of old came down	St. James	iv. C.M.
130	When Israel by Divine command . .	St. Matthew	viii. C.M.
193	When I survey life's varied scene . .	Nun schaf mein liebes Kindlein	iv. C.M.
46	When I survey the wondrous Cross .	Gulston	iv. L.M.
297	When Jesus left His Father's throne	Lincoln	iv. C.M.
155	When languor and disease invade . .	Dundee	iv. C.M.
221	When rising from the bed of death .	Burford	iv. C.M.
33	When Thou, O Lord, in flesh wert . .	St. Magnus	iv. C.M.
150	When wounded sore the stricken soul	Cheshire	iv. C.M.
69	Where high the heavenly temple . . .	Angels'	iv. L.M.
29	While shepherds watched their flocks	Proper Tune	iv. C.M.
273	While with ceaseless course the sun .	Werde munter mein Gemüte	viii. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7.
156	Why do we mourn departing friends	Old 137th	viii. C.M.
219	Why should I fear the darkest hour .	Lauda Sion Salvato- rem	vi. 8,8,8,8,8,8,8,8.
25	Ye boundless realms of joy	Minster	viii. 6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4.
122	Ye servants of the Lord	Sellindge	iv. S.M.
109	Ye sons of earth, prepare the plough .	Old 81st	viii. C.M.
19	Yea, God is good; in earth and sky .	Audi Israel	iv. L.M.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF TUNES.

<i>Tune.</i>	<i>Composer or Source.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>
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Aus der Tiefen rufe ich	M. Heinelein	105, 223.
Austrian Hymn	Joseph Haydn	120, 276.
Babylon Streams	Scottish Psalter	95, 236.
Bedford	William Wheale	17, 100, 248, 311.
Belfast	John Hullah	51, 112.
Belgrave	William Horsley	18.
Bentley	John Hullah	85, 212, 305.
Berwick	John Hullah	42, 66.
Brelade, St.	Arthur Henry Brown	203.
Bride, St.	Samuel Howard	196.
Brightest and best	E. J. Hopkins	34.
Bristol	Ravenscroft's Psalmes	10, 113, 183, 297.
Bristol (New)	Samuel Wesley	83, 184, 242.
Bruno, St.	John Hullah	38, 146, 198, 304.
Bucklersbury	Harmonia Perfecta	9, 13, 110.
Burford	Henry Purcell	221.
Canterbury	Ravenscroft's Psalmes	293.
Cheshire	Old English	150, 220.
Christmas Carol	Dretzel	32.
Christe wares Seelenlicht	Bohemian Brethren	29, 62, 163..
Christo dem Herrn	Harmonia Perfecta	115, 119, 288.
Commandments	Harmonia Perfecta	116, 136.
Da Christus geboren war	Freylinghausen	70.
Das alte Jahr ist nun dahin	Moritz von Hessen	183.
Das walt Gott Vater und Gott Sohn	J. S. Bach	134, 302.
David, St.	Ravenscroft's Psalmes	43, 244, 245.
Die helle Sonn ist nun dahin	S. T. Stade	107, 160, 190, 289.
Die helle Sonn leucht ist herfür	Melchior Vulpus	16, 303.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF TUNES.

<i>Tune.</i>	<i>Composer or Source.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>
Diz Jar wir han nun auch erlebt . . .	Nicolas Selneccer . . .	275.
Doncaster		109, 145, 209, 281.
Dorchester	John Wainwright . . .	27.
Du Lebensbrod Herr Jesu Christ . . .	Walther	88.
Dundee	Ravenscroft's Psalmes . .	14, 50, 155, 284.
Eastcheap	Harmonia Perfecta . . .	12.
Eighty-first (Old)	Ravenscroft's Psalmes . .	34, 108, 165.
Es ist gewislich an der Zeit	Klug	92.
Evening Hymn	Tallis	260.
Fiftieth (Old)	Day's Psalter	102.
Forty-fourth (Old)	Ravenscroft's Psalmes . .	106, 118, 138, 143, 159.
Freuen wir uns all in ein	M. Weiss	4, 207, 319.
From Egypt lately come	John Hullah	129.
Geh aus mein Herz	Bavarian	68.
Gelobet seist Du Jesu Christ	J. S. Bach's Choralgesänge .	192.
German Hymn	Ignaz Pleyel	178, 279.
God that madest earth and heaven . .	E. J. Hopkins	265.
Gott hat der Evangelium	J. Eccard	144.
Guitton	James Harrison	46, 173, 285.
Hanover	Suppl. to Tate and Brady .	21.
Hark, the herald angels sing	Henry Boys	30, 90.
Herr Gott ich ruf zu Dir	J. H. Schein	313.
Herr, ich habe misgehandelt	J. Cruger	289.
Herr Jesu Christ war Mensch und Gott	Ulenberg Psalter	28.
Herr Jesu Christ meins Lebenslicht . .	Nuremberger Gebetbuch . .	180, 257.
Herzlich vertrau du deinem Gott . . .	Gnadauer Choralbuch . . .	186, 219, 231, 290.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty .	John Hullah	1.
Holy Spirit, in my breast	Orlando Gibbons	104.
Honiton	Edwin Flood	274.
Hör liebe Seel dir ruft der Herr . . .	J. M. Dillherr	127, 214, 301.
Hundredth (Old)		8, 239.
Hundred and seventeenth (Old)	Goudimel	273.
Hundred and twenty-fourth (Old) . . .	Day's Psalter	295.
Hundred and thirty-sixth (Old)	Goudimel	131, 252.
Hundred and thirty-seventh (Old) . . .	Ravenscroft's Psalmes . .	63, 121, 156, 307.
Hundred and forty-eighth (Old)	Playford's Psalmes	74, 87, 140.
Hursley		263.
In Betlehem ein Kindelein	Prætorius	123, 204, 205, 217.
Ins Feld geh zäle alles Gras		149, 229.
I praised the earth	John Hullah	15, 314.
Irish	Isaac Smith	44, 84, 153.
James, St.	Raphael Courtville	96, 181, 238.
Jam lucis orto sidere	John Bishop	47, 48, 75, 195, 256.
Jerusalem the golden	Alexander Ewing	114.
Jesu der Du selbsten wol	Breslau Gebetbuch	98.
Jesu! Lieden, Pein und Tod	J. S. Bach's Choralgesänge .	45, 72, 298.
Jesu meiner seelen Wonne	J. S. Bach	59.
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	John Worgan	61.
John, St.	Suppl. to Tate and Brady .	194.
Lancaster	Samuel Howard	78, 135, 174, 246.
Lauda Sion Salvatorem	Thirteenth Century	249.
Lawrence, St.	W. H. Monk	185, 186.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF TUNES.

<i>Tune.</i>	<i>Composer or Source.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>
Liebe die du mich zum Bilde	Darmstadt Gebetbuch	266.
Lincoln	Ravenscroft's Psalmes	89, 228, 287.
Lobt Gott ihr Christen	Nicolas Hermann	268, 269.
London (New)	Scottish Psalter	35, 137, 247, 277.
Lord of the Harvest! Thee we hail	Edwin George Monk	272.
Lord, when before Thy throne we meet	E. J. Hopkins	296.
Luke, St.	Suppl. to Tate and Brady	211.
 Magnus, St.	 Jeremiah Clarke	 33, 53, 308.
Manchester (New)	John Wainwright	41, 243, 292.
Margaret, St.	John Blow	7.
Mary, St.	John Blow	222, 300.
Matthew, St.	William Croft	150.
Melcombe	Samuel Webbe	182, 202, 282, 312.
Michael, St.	Day's Psalter	101, 132, 189.
Minster	William Croft	6, 25, 241.
Mittit ad Virginem	Barthelemon	240.
Morning Hymn	Millgrove	52, 125, 213, 255.
Mount Ephraim	Charles Steggall	128, 218, 315.
My faith looks up to Thee	John Hullah	179.
My God and Father	John Hullah	191.
 Nativity	 Samuel Webbe	 60, 126, 139, 271.
Nayland	William Jones	53, 79, 261.
Nearer, my God, to Thee	John Hullah	197.
Nicht so traurig, nicht so sehr	Naue's Choralbuch	151, 200, 258, 317.
Nun danket all und bringet ehr	J. Cruger	111, 146, 172, 225.
Nun schlaf mein liebes Kindelein	Rihel	193.
 O du Liebe meiner Liebe	 Darmstadt Gebetbuch	 71, 286.
Of Thy love some gracious token	Arthur Sullivan	320.
Olave's, St.	Hudson	141, 142, 170, 267, 318.
O Lord, another day	Michael Haydn	262.
O Love Divine	Handel	201.
O mein Jesu, ich müz sterben	Geistlicher Volkallieder	237.
Orlando Gibbons	Orlando Gibbons	104.
O stilles Gotteslamm	Orlando Gibbons	161.
 Pancras, St.	 Jonathan Battishill	 117, 175, 259, 294.
Portsmouth	Harmonia Perfecta	39, 80, 147, 187, 188,
Praise, O praise our God and King	John Hullah	270. [229.
 Rejoice, the Lord is King	 Handel	 31, 76, 124, 154.
Ringe recht wenn Gottes-gnade	Gnadauer Choralbuch	2.
Rockingham	Harrington	291.
Rousseau	Handel	230.
Ruhet wol, ihr Todtenbeine	J. G. C. Störl	22.
Russian Hymn	Handel	236.
 Salisbury	 Ravenscroft's Psalmes	 57, 224, 290.
Seelenbratigam	A. Drese	233.
Sellindge	John Hullah	49, 122, 164, 264.
Sicilian Mariners'	Handel	232.
Sinners obey	James Tilliard	55, 316.
Star of Morn	Bohemian Brethren	234.
Steh auf Herr Gott	Henry Carey	3, 187.
Surrey	Benjamin Rogers	216.
 Te Deum Patrem	 Benjamin Rogers	 97.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF TUNES.

<i>Tune.</i>	<i>Composer or Source.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>
The foe behind, the deep before . . .	John Hullah	65.
The strain upraise of joy and praise . .	John Hullah	28.
Thou art gone to the grave	Joseph Barnby	309.
Thou God of love	Arthur Sullivan	306.
Thou Who didst stoop below	John Hullah	67.
Thou Whose Almighty Word	Joseph Barnby	177.
Twenty-fifth (Old)	Este's Psalmes	66, 91.
Uns ist ein Kindlein heut geboren . . .	Gesias	153, 233.
Unser Herscher, unser König	J. Neander	176, 253.
Valet will ich dir geben	Melchior Teschner	81, 162.
Wareham	Knapp	11, 169, 235.
Wem in Leidenstagen	F. Filitz	24.
Werde munter mein Gemüte	J. Schop	103, 206.
Werde munter mein Gemüte	J. S. Bach's Choralgesänge	133, 199, 278.
Winchester (New)	James Kent	77, 243.
Wo Gott zum Haus nicht gibt	Zwickauer Gebetbuch	171.
York	Ravenscroft's Psalmes	167, 210.

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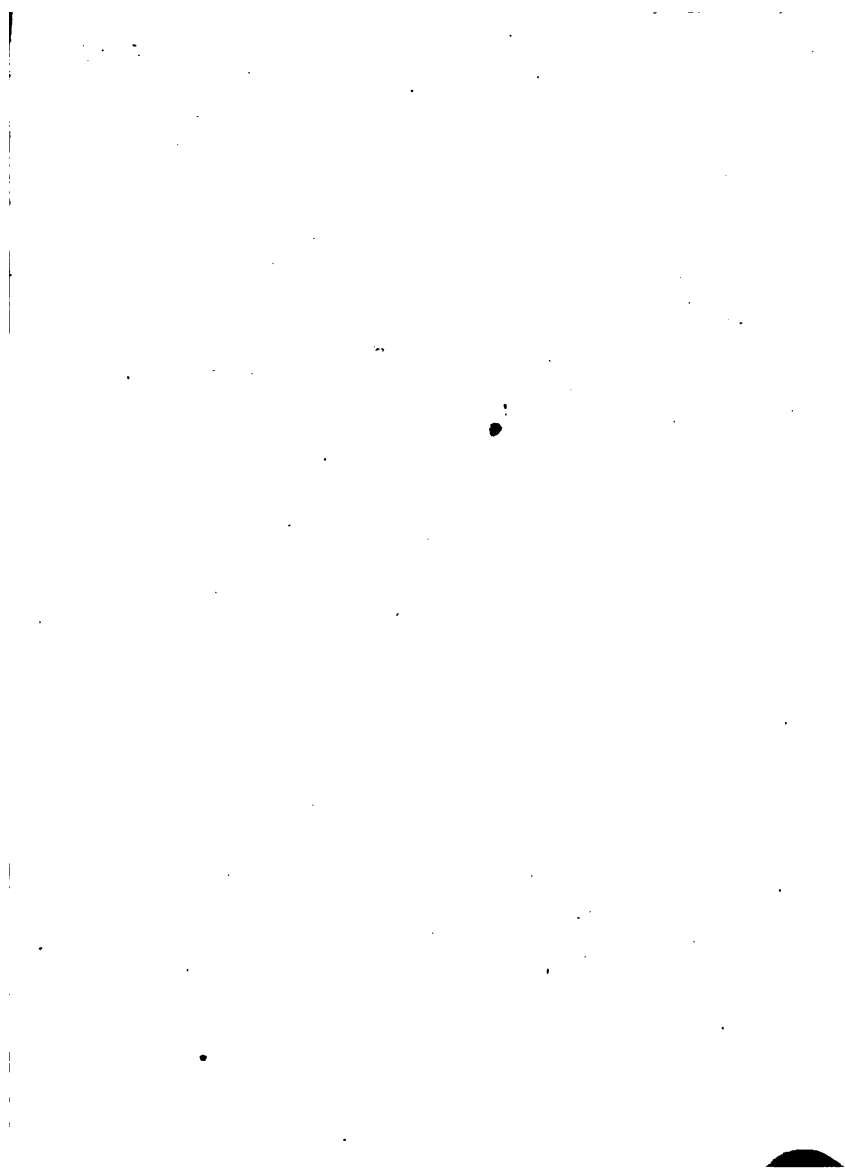
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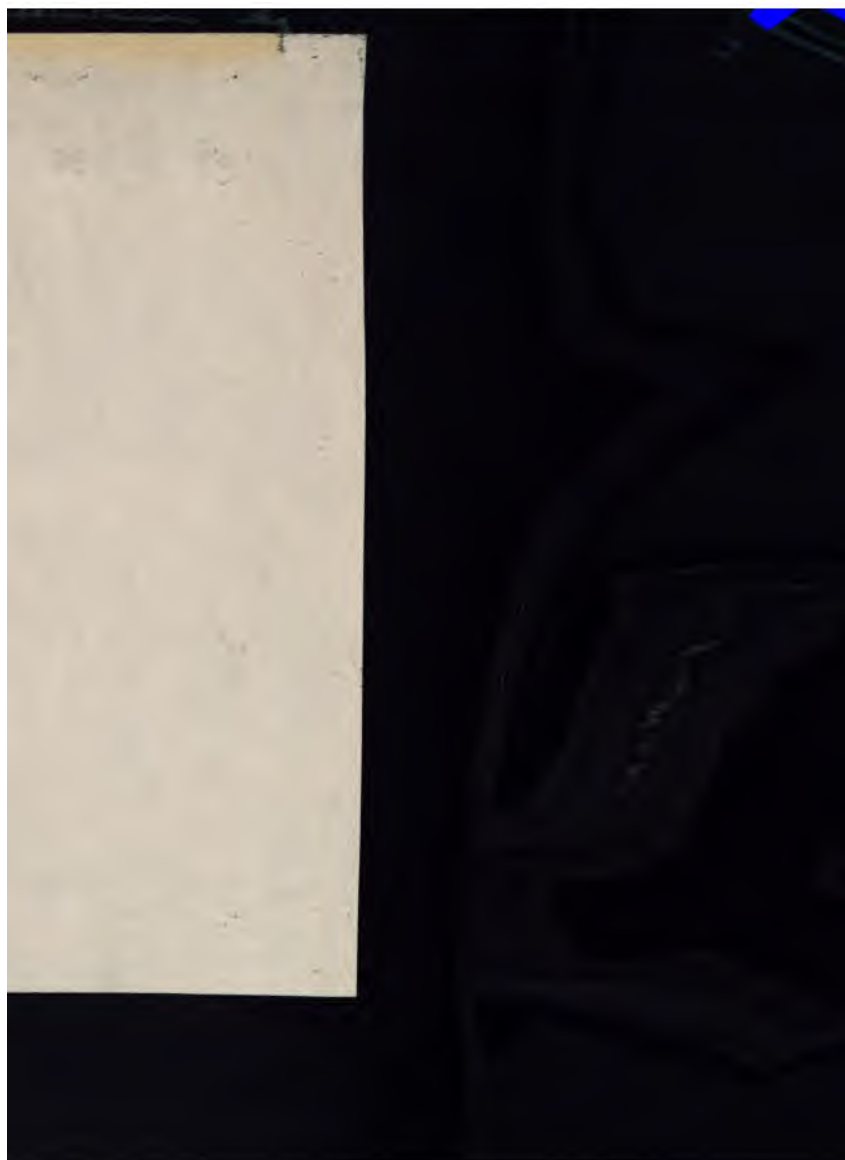
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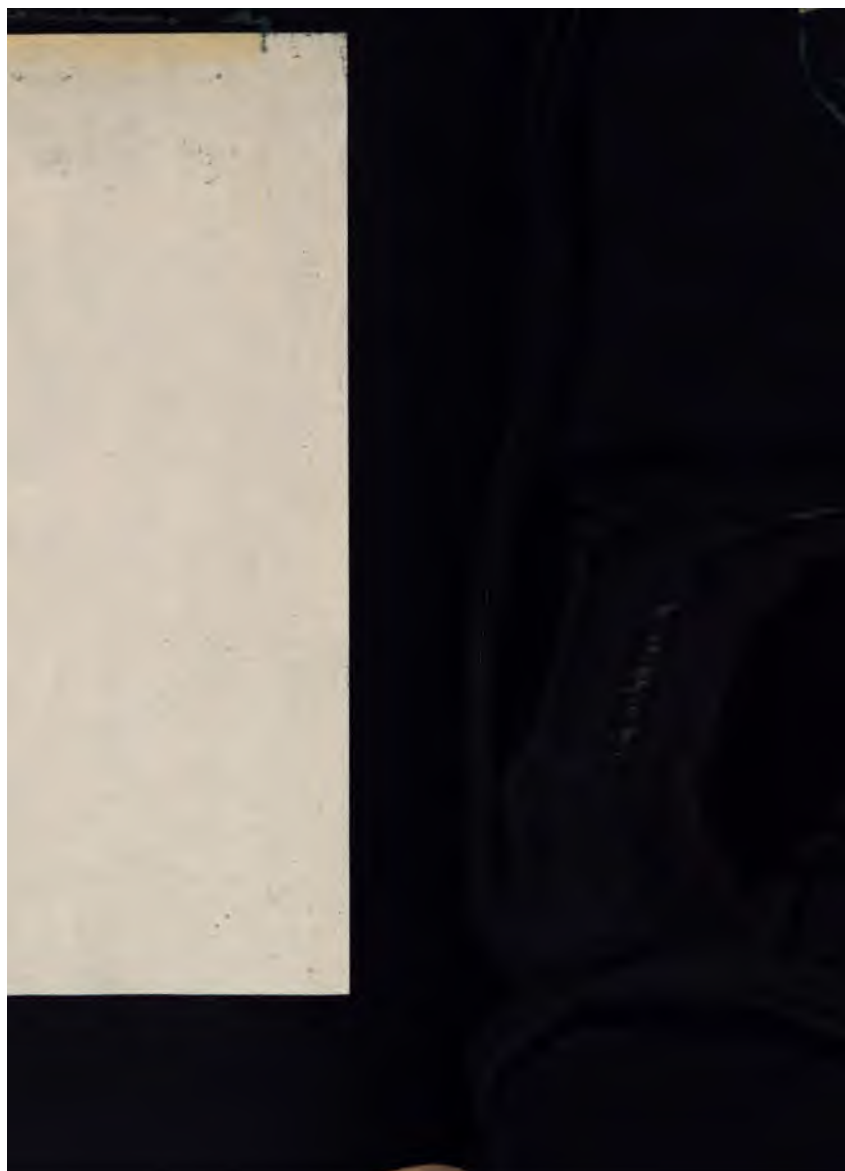


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